THE LIVING AGE

Table of Contents

JANUARY 1, 1930

ARTICLES:

THE WORLD IS ONE.....*Salvador de Madariaga* 522
FORMER NAVAL CONFERENCES.....*Henry W. Nevinson* 525
PHILIP SNOWDEN AND ANDRÉ TARDIEU
Two Unsympathetic Portraits 531
CLEMENCEAU THE MAN.....*André Geraud* 538
CHINA AS IT IS.....*French and German Views* 547
THE NEW BRITANNICA.....*A New Statesman Reviewer* 553
TWO GIANTS OF THE AIR.....*Dr. A. R. Böhm-Dessau* 561
DR. DREYFUS LONDON.....*Davis Thorwaldsson* 565
ON NOT BEING A PHILOSOPHER.....*Robert Lynd* 570

DEPARTMENTS:

THE WORLD OVER..... 513
CALENDAR OF EVENTS..... 514
LETTERS AND THE ARTS..... 543
AS OTHERS SEE US..... 574
WAR AND PEACE..... 576
THE GUIDE POST.....*Front Advertiser*
VIEWS AND REVIEWS.....*Back Advertiser*
WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR.....*Back Advertiser*

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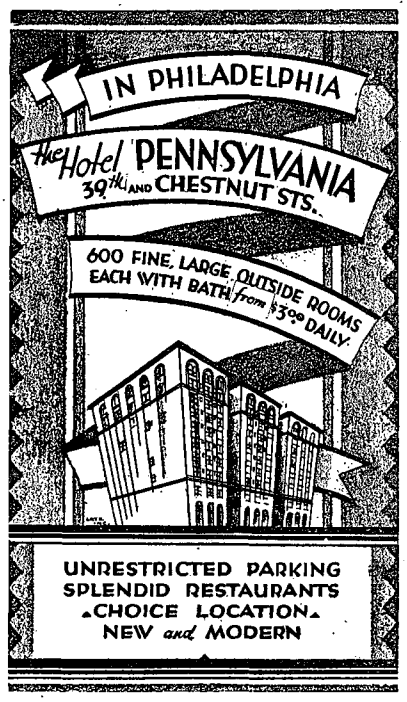

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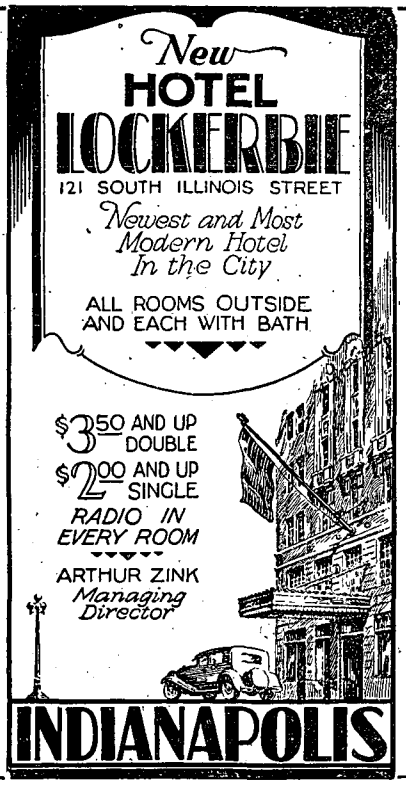

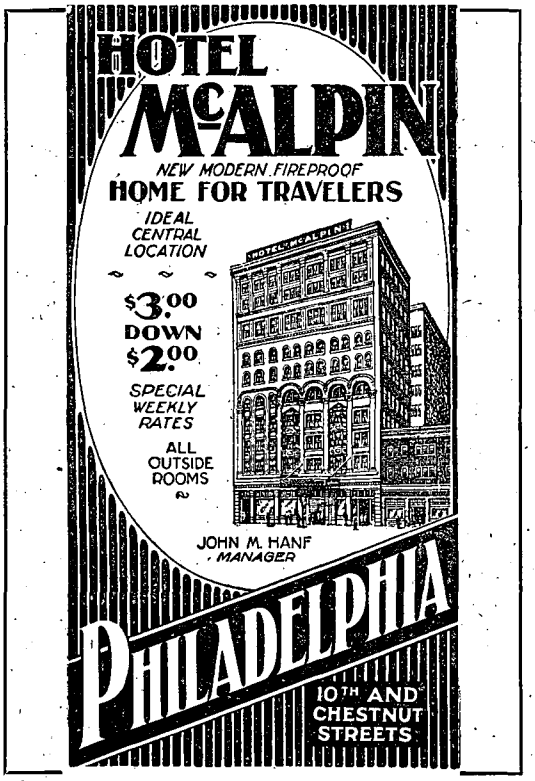

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THE GUIDE POST

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA is already familiar to our readers as a former League of Nations official and now as Professor of Spanish Literature at Oxford. Since abandoning his duties at Geneva he has become a frequent contributor to the British press.

As representative of the *Manchester Guardian* at both the Washington and the Geneva Conferences, Henry W. Nevinson is well equipped to describe the background against which the forthcoming naval parley at London will be held. He is one of the foremost newspaper correspondents in Great Britain, having engaged in the active practice of journalism for more than thirty years.

Snowden and Tardieu are probably the two most picturesque and able politicians that Europe has produced since the War. Jacques Bardoux, one of the regular contributors to *Le Temps*, draws a vivid but distinctly biased sketch of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, while Simson Carasco, who writes a leading article for every issue of *Die Weltbühne*, a liberal Berlin weekly, exposes some extremely unsavory episodes in the career of the new French Premier.

Writing under the name of 'Pertinax' in the strongly pro-Catholic *Echo de Paris*, André Géraud has become by all odds the most quoted journalist in France. Yet his article on Clemenceau did not appear in his own paper, but in the *Daily Telegraph* of London, to which he also contributes from time to time. His political views are of a reactionary order but in religious matters he is far from sympathetic to the agnostic opinions that Clemenceau held.

An accurate interpretation of modern China is not the easiest thing in the world to get, but we offer two aspects of that distressful country that bear every earmark of authenticity. Dr. von Ungern-Sternberg—a relative, by the way, of Count Keyserling's wife—writes regularly from the Orient to the *Berliner Tageblatt* and is in a position to account for the amazing contrasts between wealth and poverty in China. The other arti-

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The Frontispiece

Mlle. Hermine David, whose etching of the Lake of Léman we are reproducing as a frontispiece in this issue, has a satirically 'fussy' style much admired for its preciosity and subtle wit. In this etching the whole toy-like aspect of the lake charmingly suggests a bourgeois summer resort, slightly stuffy and highly provincial.

cle is of a descriptive nature and gives an idea of three of the larger ports.

The *New Statesman*, always independent in literary as well as political matters, has given the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* the most dreadful insult that can be bestowed upon any British institution, having accused it of becoming Americanized. We print not only the charge itself, but the reply made by the *Britannica* people and a final rejoinder from the editor of the *New Statesman*.

Germany now owns the two largest airplanes in the world—the *Do. X*, a flying boat that was made in Switzerland, and the *G-38*, a land plane consisting of almost nothing but an enormous wing with engines and everything else inside.

THERE IS NO USE pretending that Nordic fiction is cheerful, for it isn't—and 'Dr. Dreyfus London,' a tale from Iceland, proves no exception to the rule. Its author, David Thorwaldsson, has, however, achieved a remarkable technical feat in making a single monologue tell the whole story of a disappointed life.

Each week the *New Statesman* contains one of Robert Lynd's delightful contributions. Many American readers are also familiar with his works in book form, for several collections of his essays have appeared in this country.

AT THREE O'CLOCK on the day before Christmas we were asked to fill out the remainder of this page with further instructive comment. Under the circumstances, however, the only thing to do is to wish all our readers a happy New Year and let it go at that!

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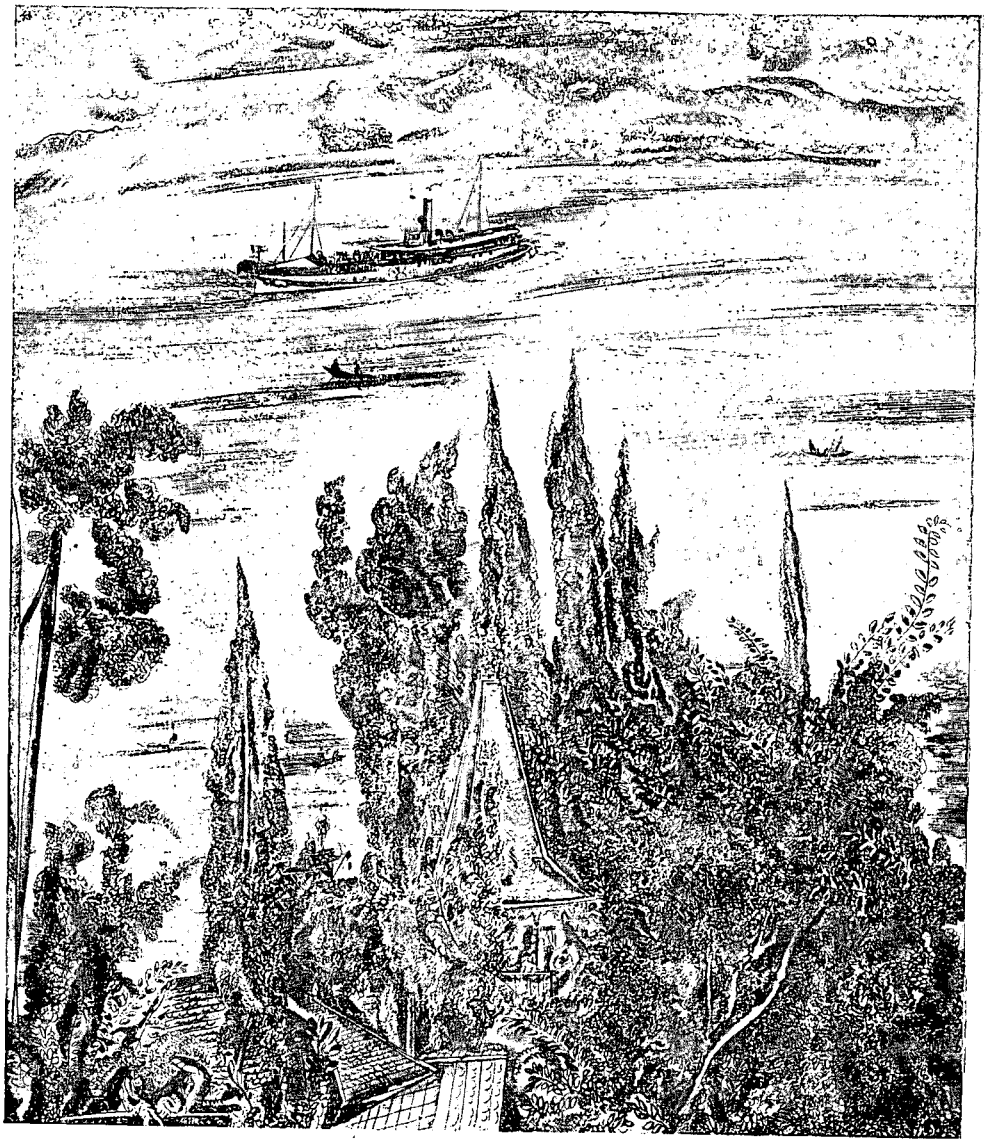

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FROM AN ETCHING BY HERMINE DAVID

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

JANUARY 1, 1930 VOLUME 337, NUMBER 4353

THE WORLD OVER

HOW PHILIP SNOWDEN will be able to meet a threatened deficit of about one hundred million dollars on the British budget for the current year has become a subject of agitated discussion in the weekly press of London. In a leading article entitled 'The Coming Deficit,' the *Nation and Athenæum* lists some of the outstanding difficulties that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must overcome and points out that the Labor Government has not only burdened itself with an extra expenditure of some forty million dollars in the form of unproductive benefits, but that the stock-market slump is going to cut down revenue from taxation by at least fifty millions. And the worst is yet to come. By next year, Mr. Snowden will have to find two hundred million dollars of additional money and if he looks still further ahead he must reckon in also the extra cost of raising the age of compulsory school attendance from fourteen to fifteen and furthermore take into account various expensive schemes for remedying unemployment and improving the housing situation.

That the Chancellor appreciates his delicate position is indicated by his own words, for when he was reproached in Parliament for launching the five per cent conversion loan to which we referred in

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL and QUEEN HELENA of ITALY enter the Vatican, and kneel at the feet of the Pope.

The LEAGUE OF NATIONS agrees to the proposal of ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER GRANDI to postpone its COUNCIL MEETING from *January* 13th to *January* 20th because of the FIVE-POWER NAVAL CONFERENCE.

PRESIDENT MONCADA of NICARAGUA asks SECRETARY STIMSON to aid in making new arrangements with AMERICAN BANKING INTERESTS to meet the expenses of the NATIONAL GUARD and of road construction.

COLONEL RICHARD CUTTS, BRIGADIER COMMANDER of the UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS, proclaims MARTIAL LAW in HAITI.

DR. SCHACHT announces that he will not support the YOUNG PLAN if GERMANY is made to pay more than the amount stipulated at the first HAGUE CONFERENCE.

POLISH PARLIAMENT meets, after long period of inactivity due to the interference of ARMY OFFICERS.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6

POLISH PARLIAMENT overthrows the present CABINET and is promptly adjourned.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7

UNITED STATES MARINES kill five HAITIANS and injure twenty, one marine being wounded.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8

After six years of steady censorship the SPANISH DICTATORSHIP removes all restrictions on the activities of FOREIGN PRESS CORRESPONDENTS in SPAIN.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9

The AMERICAN CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES at BERN, SWITZERLAND, signs the PROTOCOLS involving the entry of the UNITED STATES into the WORLD COURT.

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our last issue, he replied, 'It may not always be obvious on the surface what is the purpose of my action, but the honorable Members can rely on the fact that there is an absolutely satisfactory answer.'

The two conflicting points of view on the expenditures that Mr. Snowden must meet are set forth in the *Saturday Review* and the *New Statesman*. Here is the Conversative attitude, as expounded in the former paper:—

> An increasing number of people are becoming convinced that the chief thing wrong with this country is that it is excessively taxed and that each fresh tax to relieve unemployment and repair social injustice merely makes a new injustice and fresh unemployment at some other point. Until we have this initial doubt satisfactorily disposed of, the whole of the Government's financial and social policy must be under grave suspicion. We see the creeping shadow of taxation; we cannot see any definite improvement in the state of the country which justifies the increasing sacrifices we are asked to make.

And here is what the *New Statesman* has to say:—

> The working classes want a fairer share of the necessaries, the decencies, and the amenities of life, and most of us believe that they ought to have it, alike on grounds of social justice and in order to make them better workers. The practical problem, then, is how to destroy poverty without waiting for Utopia. Can we raise wages all round here and now, or within any reasonable period, to something that can be called a civilized level? Can we even bring them up to the Rowntree 'Human Needs Standard,' which to-day would mean about three guineas a week for a family of man, wife, and three children? Alas! there are vast sections of workers whose earnings are far below this level to-day, and who can entertain no hope of reaching it. There remain, then, but two alternatives. Either they must be left to stew in their juice, to live a life of depressing, and often disastrous, thrift, and to die in the hard bed of the Poor Law Guardians or, as these will presently be called, the Public Assistance Committee. Or they must be helped out of the public purse to get what their own wages cannot buy.

THE NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN France and Germany for the release of the Saar district from French control and for its return to the Reich have not been hailed enthusiastically by the more reactionary Paris newspapers. The *Journal des Débats* inquires:—

> Who demanded these conversations? Germany. Who is interested in a premature settlement of the Saar affair? Germany. Who insists that these negotiations be pursued and promptly concluded? Always Germany. This negotiation has nothing to do with the Hague accords, nothing to do with the Young Plan. It was an extra concession demanded by Herr Stresemann. Under the pretext of conciliation, M. Briand thought he had to show his compliance on still one more occasion. In reality nothing justified the negotiations on the Saar.

The *Manchester Guardian*, on the other hand, feels that these negotiations are long overdue. It points out that France will be able to let the Saar go on much more profitable terms now than she could if she

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10

ADMIRAL KOUNDOURIOTIS unexpectedly resigns as PRESIDENT of GREECE, having held that office since 1924, when the present REPUBLIC was proclaimed.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12

BRITISH OCCUPATION of the RHINELAND ends as FRENCH TROOPS replace ENGLISH FORCES in WIESBADEN.

TROOPS of the NANKING GOVERNMENT repel REBELS on three MAJOR FRONTS.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13

BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE issues a WHITE PAPER arguing that under the KELLOGG PACT there will be no NEUTRALS in future WARS and that the issue of NEUTRAL RIGHTS therefore does not arise.

DELEGATES from nineteen nations, including the UNITED STATES, accept a formula that will bring into force *January* 1ST a TREATY removing several hundred FOREIGN TRADE RESTRICTIONS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14

GERMAN REICHSTAG gives CHANCELLOR MÜLLER a vote of confidence supporting his measure calling for a $100,000,000 EMERGENCY LOAN to cover GOVERNMENT OPERATING EXPENSES for the current month.

ALEXANDER ZAIMIS, 73 years old, former PREMIER of GREECE, is elected PRESIDENT by PARLIAMENT.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15

Seven political organizations in HAITI appeal to PRESIDENT HOOVER to have the UNITED STATES supervise the APRIL PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16

JAPANESE DELEGATION to FIVE-POWER NAVAL PARLEY indicates that it will not demand 70% of the 10,000-ton CRUISER TONNAGE if it can gain permission to build more submarines.

UNITED STATES SENATE ratifies the MELLON-BÉRENGER DEBT AGREEMENT by a vote of 53 to 21.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17

RUMANIAN FOREIGN MINISTER MIRONESCU says that the LITTLE ENTENTE will refuse to ratify the YOUNG PLAN unless HUNGARY agrees to set off claims for its OPTANTS against REPARATIONS.

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waited until 1935, when a plebiscite, whose outcome is a foregone conclusion, has to be held. As for Germany, it will be a great feather in the cap of the present Government to confound still further the Nationalist followers of Hugenberg, who are protesting against the 'enslavement of the German people.' But the most fruitful results of a settlement of the Saar problem lie in the economic rather than the political field. The district has been enjoying considerable prosperity because it is part of the same economic unit as Lorraine and the *Guardian* goes so far as to hope that the Saar may become a bridge between France and Germany, if only the region is not imprisoned behind a German tariff wall. 'France and Germany,' this paper concludes, 'have now a chance to show whether there was more than talk in the recent propaganda for a "United States of Europe." If only the present conference in Paris will refuse to allow politics to obscure its economics it may become famous not only for righting a political wrong but for building a way to a saner and more prosperous Europe.'

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS are the hardest—even in Belgium, where the centenary of the country's independence has been immediately preceded by a struggle between the French and Flemish-speaking elements that led to the fall of the Jaspar cabinet. The immediate question at issue involved the University of Ghent, which insisted on conducting its work in Flemish only. M. Jaspar, the Premier, was more or less committed to the group that supported this proposal, but one wing of his followers, the Liberals, refused to support him until they could be assured that the primary and secondary schools in the predominantly Flemish-speaking districts would certainly provide classes in French. But the Flemish faction, which does not represent a majority of the entire country, insisted on making Ghent a one-language institution and succeeded in overthrowing the government at a rather inopportune moment. M. Jaspar himself has been in office since 1926 and figured prominently at the Hague Convention. He was originally supported by all three parties, the Socialists, the Liberals, and the Clericals, who helped him put the finishing touches on stabilizing the national currency. Two years ago, however, the Socialists broke away and since that time he has headed a coalition of Liberals and Clericals. The press of Paris has naturally expressed its sympathy with the Liberals for championing French culture and at the same time commends them for holding out against a peculiarly futile form of nationalism.

AUSTRIA'S PERIODIC CRISES continue to alarm, not only her neighboring states, but the larger nations of Europe as well, and yet there seems to be small chance that any order will emerge from the

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present condition of chaos. Premier Schober, to be sure, has proved more successful than his predecessors in playing off the Conservatives and Socialists against each other, having told the former that the Socialists, with forty-three per cent of the seats in Parliament, can veto any constitutional reform bill, which would need a two-thirds majority, and having argued with the latter that, if they refuse to compromise, the Conservative's *Heimwehr* forces can precipitate a revolution that has every chance of proving successful. In spite, however, of the repairs to the Constitution made last month, two issues will continue to trouble Austrian politics: the position of Vienna and the powers of the president. When the Republic was founded in 1918, the Socialists, who then enjoyed an absolute majority, failed to provide for a directly elected president with considerable powers, whereas, now that the Conservatives are in the ascendant, they have been demanding just such a president in order to counteract Socialist influence in Vienna. For in a country the size of Austria with a top-heavy capital, the tension between the urban and the rural districts becomes more direct than in a large nation, where political parties shade off more gradually. And not until the country gets drawn into some Danubian confederation or into the German Republic is this state of affairs likely to be fundamentally changed.

GREECE AND TURKEY have found that the Treaty of Lausanne provides so many subjects for argument that Athens has sent a representative named M. Polychroniades to negotiate directly with Ismet Pasha, the Turkish Foreign Minister, instead of referring everything to the mixed commission that was set up by the League to adjust outstanding differences between the two countries. This commission, which was charged, among other things, with supervising the exchange of population between the two nations, put forward a compromise arrangement that the Turks would not ratify, since Republican Turkey refused to recognize passports issued by the Sultan's régime and threatened at the same time to sequestrate all Greek property on Turkish soil. But there is this to be said in Turkey's behalf. If she had admitted the many claims of Greece for compensation, her budget would have been hopelessly burdened at a time when every penny of revenue was urgently needed at home. Greece, on the other hand, has up till now held the position that the Treaty must be fulfilled to the letter. It is likely, however, that this attitude will moderate, for Premier Venizelos has embarked on a policy of general reconciliation and intensive domestic reform. He spent the summer flitting about the various European capitals and more recently has been active in suppressing the Communist movement in Greece, having forced Moscow to recall its

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overzealous representative in Athens. In spite of the fact that his schemes for a Greater Greece ended in disaster, Venizelos has shown himself able, as Stresemann was, to adjust himself to new conditions and to continue working for his country's welfare.

THE GOVERNMENT THAT IS NOW controlling the affairs of Japan comes in for this significant bit of criticism in the columns of the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, an American-owned periodical published in Kobe:—

> The Minseito Government at present in power is a very strange mixture. In its foreign policy it is far more enlightened than was its predecessor. In its financial policy an acknowledgment of what is right and liberal struggles unsuccessfully against a tradition that is short-sighted and illiberal: for the time being we must accept the acknowledgment of what is right and hope that time will bring opportunity and courage for action on these lines. But as regards domestic control we are back in the Middle Ages. There is less freedom of speech or freedom of thought than there has been for many years. No longer do the authorities even pay lip service to it, and the liberty to study any subject that was formerly the prerogative of the universities no longer exists. There is, in practice, no limit to the time that may elapse between a man's arrest and public knowledge that he has been arrested. Foreign 'dangerous thinkers,' though their passports are in order, are not even allowed to pass through the country on their travels, but must be transhipped without touching shore. Books are carefully scrutinized before being admitted; though in the case of the delegates to the Pacific Relations Conference this requirement was waived; perhaps they were all considered quite safe. The inaugural meeting of the new Ronoto (Labor and Agriculture) Party was accompanied by a declaration from one member that they must cultivate 'Leftist' ideas; but this was an empty gesture, the police being present to see that no such ideas were uttered. And yet *Das Kapital* in its Japanese version has sold like a Sinclair Lewis or an A. S. M. Hutchinson—which makes one wonder.

DR. S. WASHIO, who frequently gives expression to the Japanese point of view in the English-language press of the Far East, has been at great pains to prove that Japan has no special interests in Manchuria except the South Manchurian Railway, and that she cherishes no desire to purchase that country from China, even were such a course possible. His point is that Manchuria is essentially a Chinese country and that Japan's interests there are purely of an economic order. Here is the essence of his case:—

Manchuria to-day differs in no essential respect from the rest of China. Its population, which is growing faster than that of the population of any other country, and which, it is said, will reach saturation point twenty years from now, is thoroughly Chinese, with a considerable admixture of southern elements. Its policy is part and parcel of

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general Chinese politics. It aligns with the central politics or declares independence, as Kwangsi, Hunan, Shansi, or any other part of China does, according to its own convenience. Japan can no more play her game behind the scenes of this policy than Russia, Britain, or America can play theirs behind some other group of Chinese interests. If there is any difference, it is only a difference of degree, which tends to become smaller every year. Analyze the developments of the past two years, for instance, and what can they mean except that the idea that Manchuria is 'separate and distinct' from the rest of China has been exploded? Even if American public opinion were in favor of Japan's buying Manchuria or assuming a protectorate over the country, it could not be done. The sooner this truth is realized by the Western public the better it will be for Japan.

THE REFUSAL OF THE Hungarian Government to consider reimbursing those of its citizens whose lands were taken over by Rumania has deadlocked the whole question of non-German reparations. In accordance with the Young Plan, an attempt was being made to settle this so-called 'Optants Dispute' as if it were part of the reparations problem, but Hungary quite logically insisted that it was not. Rumania, on the other hand, not only wishes to seize this opportunity to settle accounts with Hungary as advantageously as possible, but is supported by Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, who realize that they are going to have similar fish to fry at a later date. Furthermore, the League of Nations is eager to get the Hungarian-Rumanian controversy out of the way, and Arthur Henderson has offered his 'guidance' in any direct negotiations the two countries may care to undertake. And in point of fact, though not in point of law, the framers of the Young Plan were wise to tie up the Hungarian-Rumanian controversy with reparations, because after 1943, the first year that Hungary's payments begin to assume considerable proportions, all that money actually goes into the pockets of Hungarian citizens in compensation for their confiscated estates beyond the Rumanian frontier.

EXACTLY SIX YEARS AGO many of the most respectable newspapers in Paris found themselves unexpectedly embarrassed when *L'Humanité*, the official organ of the Communist Party, began publishing a series of disclosures made by the Soviet authorities, who had come upon a quantity of documents signed by Isvolski when he was Russian ambassador in Paris, proving that he had bribed the French press to speak well of his native land. Since Tardieu was at that time writing leading articles on foreign policy for *Le Temps*, one of the journals im-

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plicated in the scandal, *L'Humanité* has been answering the new Premier's recent attacks on the Communists by recalling his dealings with Isvolski and it has again brought to light a letter dated February 16, 1911, in which the Russian ambassador spoke of his influence as having no effect on *Le Temps*, where 'M. Tardieu, out of personal spite against M. Pichon (the French Foreign Minister), has been taking every opportunity to put Franco-Russian relations in an unfavorable light and to insinuate his distrust of the Triple Entente.' Later Isvolski spoke of how difficult a time he was having, 'especially when I have at my disposition no material means wherewith to orient favorably the other influential journals, and notably *Le Temps*, where M. Tardieu is unquestionably working against our interests.'

This was written on August 4th, 1911, but by the 10th of May, 1912, Tardieu had taken up a new position. During the interim, the French ambassador to St. Petersburg, Georges Louis, had incurred the displeasure of the Tsar's government and Isvolski had been asked to recommend a successor. After complaining that he lacked the 'necessary resources' to combat the journalistic supporters of Louis, he made the following reference to some material that had been appearing in *Le Temps:* 'The author of these articles is the celebrated Tardieu, who, at a certain time, under Pichon, disagreed with the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but who has now come to agree with it, his articles at present reflecting the opinions of M. Poincaré. In the incident with Georges Louis, he was assiduous in putting his pen at my disposition.'

MEXICO'S PRESIDENTIAL and political difficulties are varied from time to time by group insurrections, inevitable in any country composed of a variety of racial strains. The latest outbreak of this sort involved the Chamula Indians in the State of Chiapas, who have refused to send their children to a district school that the Government provides. By way of protest, several thousand of these people descended upon the town of Chamul, blowing their war trumpets and firing their rifles.

The news columns of *El Universal* attributes this outbreak to three causes: the seditious work of a Roman Catholic priest; the equally seditious activities of the liquor dealers, who resent the anti-alcoholic campaign now being conducted in the schools; and the agitations of unscrupulous coffee planters, whose efforts to recruit cheap Indian labor have been opposed by the schools of the country. An editorial in the same paper laments the fact that the old Spanish missionaries were more successful than the modern lay teachers in educating the Indians and points out that the task is no easy one when nearly two million aborigines speak one hundred and twenty different dialects.

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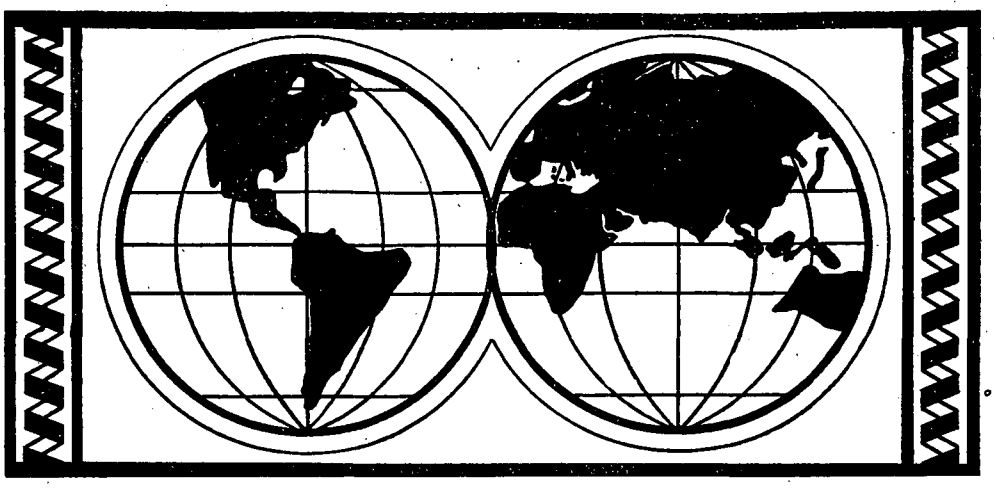

THE WORLD IS ONE

By Salvador de Madariaga

From *The Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE OXFORD BRANCH of the League of Nations Union had the happy idea of organizing a Conference on Unemployment and World Economics. The direct connection between a typically national trouble and the world laws of material life and development was thus emphasized from the very outset. The connection is in a sense obvious. A famous French mathematician who, perhaps in an unhappy day, forsook pure science for impure politics, M. Painlevé, used to say in his admirable lessons on mathematical analysis that everything which happens in nature influences everything else that happens in nature, and that, strictly speaking, the results of a chemical experiment in a laboratory depended on the exact position at the time of the star, Sirius, in the skies. But our views are less theoretical and astronomic. The fact that unemployment in England is vitally dependent on movements of world economics is patent not merely to specialists but even to that elusive Briton, so fond of open-air life, who goes by the name of the-man-in-the-street. When, therefore, some of us, at times perhaps a little impatient with the provincialism of so-called statesmen, advocate world-community solutions for what are, in fact, world-community problems, we are not in the least calling forth from a vague nowhere an ideal Kingdom of God on Earth. Our appeals are not addressed to religious faith or even to moral virtue; we should be content with ordinary workaday common sense, for the world-community is not a Utopia to whose cloudy regions we are bid to ascend, but an actual fact

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in the midst of which we live and strive, and which we are merely asked to realize.

Let us first watch a few obvious events. We are, of course, entitled to take some big dramatic moments and point out the moral which flows from them: the death of an Austrian prince killed in 1914 in a town the name of which had never been heard by most people in this country made millions of British, French, German, Russian, Italian, American widows. But we may waive the right to use such telling examples of world solidarity if only because of their exceptional character. What about daily events? An English cabinet decides to grant a subsidy to its coal industry; at once thousands and thousands of Spanish coal miners are driven to unemployment and want. A French government decides to invade the Ruhr, thus casting a cloud over European affairs, but the cloud has a silver lining for England: the German heavy industry makes good the Ruhr deficiency in fuel by placing big orders for coal in Wales. The United States resolve to protect themselves against temptation by prohibiting alcoholic beverages, and, carried away by their enthusiasm, extend prohibition to their merchantmen; the result is a rise in the affairs of all the shipping lines other than those under American sovereignty. A campaign in favor of a more liberal use of fruit in diet is organized in England on grounds of health, and the results are felt immediately in the east of Spain by the increased prosperity amongst orange growers. All these examples are but the small side of solidarity. Far more impressive is the fact that the world has become one single market and that there is one world price known day by day for every commodity that matters: corn, coal, petrol, rubber, metals.

NOR is the world solidarity confined to material life. A small committee of fashion experts sit in private somewhere in Paris, and women all over the world are forced to show far more length of leg and back than they will ever do of intention and forget what they once were taught to think of as the impassable limits of decency; for, as the French saleswoman puts it, *la mode est toujours décente*. The film makes us all over the world familiar with all the world. No longer is Japan a mystery to the Serbian peasant, or Portugal but an empty word to the Russian mujik.

The faces, types, customs, gestures, mode of life of all men are nowadays part of the consciousness of all men. It is no longer necessary to have the wealth and enterprise needed for travel, or the culture, leisure, and taste for reading books and the imagination for absorbing them in order to realize vitally and emotionally what the world is like. In a wonderful, vivid way of its own the world, through the cinema and also through radio, has penetrated into itself, has driven itself into its own consciousness, made itself known to itself, and become one.

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Every day the world reads about itself. No paper would live that confined its news to the events of its own town and nation. Readers, even the most rabid and nationalistic of them, want to read and know all about the world. Even those who hate the very idea and fight against it are dealing with it, and therefore enriching it. The world is alive, and we can no more escape being members of it than we can jump out of our own skin. Nationalism itself has become an international phenomenon, and helps world-consciousness to become more vigorous. An American mountebank hires himself to create trouble between England and America, and the result is a further development of Anglo-American relations, a more intimate mutual knowledge between them.

But then, it will be asked, why trouble about it? If the world-community must come, why advocate it, and why work for it? The answer is that the rough, untutored boor is also fully conscious of his existence and oneness, yet must be educated. For his self-consciousness is brutish and awkward; his mental, moral, and even physical faculties are unruly and lacking in all sense of proportion and hierarchy. And so with the world. Though one, the world is as yet anarchical and unruly. It lacks the necessary coördination between its mental, moral, and physical faculties. It is fitful and fanciful, sometimes almost mad. Wars shake its frame out of its normal life and bring it to the edge of self-destruction; commerce, the blood circulation of its body, is left to follow the capricious and selfish movements of its several limbs, as in a man whose arterial system is out of order; production and consumption are unrelated to real, sound, healthy needs, as in a man whose appetite and digestion are ill-regulated. Its mind is in confusion, as that of one whose brain is out of hinge. The world, in short, has not evolved the necessary institutions for its life to flow healthily and its unity to manifest itself in creative ways.

SOME world citizens—amongst whom England's sons occupied an honorable place—tried their best a few years ago and the League of Nations was born. It was but a manifestation of that consciousness of world unity which the progress of material and moral communications had brought about, and which a great crisis had helped to bring forth. But the evolution of world institutions has been grievously handicapped by the abstention of the United States from the work in the inception of which it had so forcibly coöperated. It will be the honor of Europe and, in particular, that of England and France to have remained faithful to the principle of world institutions at a moment when the other Great Powers were lukewarm or inimical. The true difference between post-War and pre-War history is that in January, 1920, the principle of the political unity of the world was born. From that day, nations stand before history with less and less light on their faces as they deviate more and more from the direction whence the *Zeitgeist* is shining.

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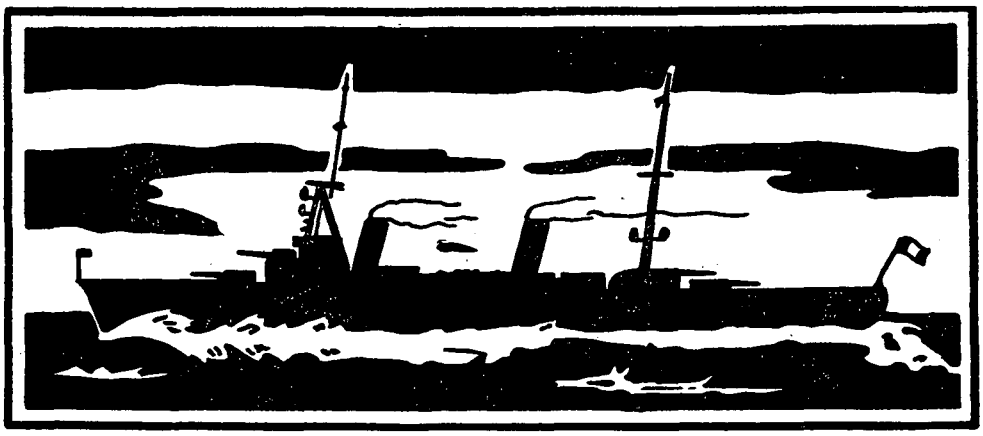

FORMER NAVAL CONFERENCES

Getting a Perspective

By Henry W. Nevinson

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Liberal Daily

I. Washington, 1921

IT WAS IN WASHINGTON, November 12th, 1921, a Saturday. The day before, a prolonged procession, with President Harding, ambassadors, delegates, troops of all arms, and poor ex-President Wilson in a carriage behind, had trailed out to the military cemetery at Arlington, overlooking the city, and had there, with elaborate ceremony, deposited the bones of an Unknown Warrior gathered in France. Then the population had paraded the parks, shouting with exultation at the radiantly illuminated arches, and, as a paper reported, 'the whole city was drenched in tears.'

But, having wiped their eyes before breakfast, they swarmed around the classic building known as the Hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a very patriotic body. Inside, we were crowded to suffocation around the various international delegations seated at a square table in the centre. The President entered and read a long address in his accustomed style of peculiar platitude, concluding with the fairly intelligible sentences: 'We are met for a service to mankind. In all simplicity, in all honesty, and all honor there may be written here the avowals of a world conscience refined by the consuming fires of war, and made more sensitive by the anxious aftermath.'

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The President vanished, and Mr. Balfour proposed that Mr. Charles Hughes, as Secretary of State, should be elected chairman. There was no opposition, and the vital business began. Mr. Hughes stated his proposals abruptly, and I am convinced that they were previously unknown to the British and other delegations. Certainly they were startling. Their main point was a declaration of absolute naval equality between the United States and Great Britain. I am not a violent patriot, but I had been brought up to sing 'Rule, Britannia' and to recite 'Ye Mariners of England.' I had been taught that Britannia needed no bulwarks, and that the meteor flag of England would still terrific burn. But here was a foreigner talking in the face of all the world about naval equality with us! I expected the British delegates to rise in silence and sail for home, while from every wave our fathers would start at the rumor of such a suggestion. What could I think when, within a few hours, the British delegation issued an official notice that, in their opinion, 'Mr. Hughes's scheme was bold and conceived in a statesmanlike spirit'?

AT THE next plenary session Mr. Balfour rose and announced that the British Government accepted the proposals 'not with cool approbation, but with full, loyal, and complete coöperation.' Unperturbed as though he were opening a flower show, and speaking almost without notes, he continued: 'We have considered your scheme with admiration and approval, and we agree with its spirit and purpose as making the greatest reform ever carried out by courage and statesmanship.' The whole audience rose and applauded as in a theatre. Mr. Balfour had won for England a position of favor and confidence that was never lost.

Then Admiral Kato spoke in Japanese, uttering sounds without visible movement of his lips, as Japanese courtesy demands. Thin, grave, and immobile he stood, more like a statue of Buddha in meditation than a jolly jack tar, and his murmured sounds were interpreted as implying general approval, though with certain unnamed reservations. For Japanese diplomacy practises the art of saying yes and no at the same time. M. Briand made his great effort at the third plenary session (November 21st), pouring out the full stream of Gallic rhetoric, shaking his fingers before his eyes, swinging his whole body to the cadence of his undulating periods, and with both arms raised above his head appealing to the stars to witness the cruel wrongs that France had suffered. The audience was delighted by the oratory and, remembering Lafayette and the War of Independence, was ready to applaud anything French, all the more because hardly one word in a thousand was understood. Interpretation cooled the enthusiasm, for then it was seen that the orator had violently denounced the supposed warlike designs of Germany and Russia against France and Poland, and had declared that France would not permit the smallest reduction of her armies.

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It was also noticed that, while M. Briand had poured out gratitude for the assistance of America in the war, he had not said a single word about England's indispensable help. It was an omission upon which Mr. Balfour immediately remarked with chilly politeness. This was the first open sign of a growing disagreement between the two main Allies in the War, but it was soon afterward emphasized when Lord Lee, as First Lord, proposed the total abolition of submarines. England, he said, possessed one hundred submarines—the finest fleet in the world—but she would willingly scrap the lot if other nations would do the same. Mr. Balfour supported him by a resolution that all nations should forbid the maintenance, construction, or employment of submarines for the future. But France, through Admiral le Bon, rejected the proposal and refused any reduction below 90,000 tons, which meant an actual increase of about one-third over the figure proposed on second thoughts by Mr. Hughes for America and England. It was the only occasion on which I have seen Mr. Balfour kindled by a flame of righteous indignation. Speaking with passionate solemnity, he cried:—

'How is the Anglo-French alliance consistent with the building of this huge mass of submarines, which anybody who looked at the matter from the strictly strategical point of view would certainly say, from the very geographical position, was built against Great Britain?'

BUT the French remained obdurate, and the difference over submarines led to the abandonment of the proposal to limit the number of cruisers also. The unhappy result was visible at the Geneva Conference of 1927. But, finding that numbers and total tonnage for the auxiliary craft could not be agreed upon, Mr. Hughes proposed the limitation of the size of individual cruisers to a displacement of 10,000 tons, armed with guns of not more than eight inches. I believe that at the time no cruisers of that size existed, though the four British cruisers of the *Hawkins* class, laid down during the War, came very near those limits in tonnage and guns. The result of the limitation was the creation of the so-called 'treaty cruisers,' which the great naval powers, including France, at once began to lay down, and which have been the main cause of discussion both at Geneva in 1927 and at the present time.

As to capital ships (battleships), the effect of the Washington Treaty was more definite. The size of the battleship was limited to 35,000 tons, and of the guns to 16 inches (the largest, I believe, that could be fired from such ships). A tonnage ratio was established of five for England and America, three for Japan, and 1.75 for France and Italy. Between 1923 and 1931 England was to have 20 capital ships, including the *Rodney* and the *Nelson* when completed, but also including some battleships of an old type, though very large numbers were to be scrapped. The United States would have 18, with slightly less tonnage; Japan 10,

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with the ratio of 3 to 5 in tonnage. Replacement might begin in 1931, and by 1942 the exact ratio would be established, England and the United States having 15 each, with a tonnage of 525,000; Japan nine, with a tonnage of 315,000; and France and Italy an unfixed number, with a tonnage of 175,000. A further clause limited the total tonnage of aircraft carriers to 135,000 each for England and the United States, 81,000 for Japan, and 60,000 for France and Italy.

Something was gained by this Washington Treaty, at all events in the saving of expense for the naval countries. The cost of the *Nelson* and the *Rodney*, for instance, is given in *Brassey's Naval Annual* as £7,000,000 each, including guns, and in about twenty years those two most powerful ships now afloat will probably be regarded as worn out or obsolete. Perhaps we could do something more permanent with £14,000,000 within the borders of our country.

II. Geneva, 1927

IN MY account of the Washington Conference in 1921–22 I said that on the whole something was gained, at all events in the limitation of battleships and the reduction of expense. The principle of equality between the naval forces of England and the United States was also established. So far the conference was successful. But the conference in Geneva (June 20th to August 4th, 1927) was a hopeless failure.

The conference was called at the suggestion of President Coolidge, who invited the other four naval powers to send delegates. France and Italy refused the invitation, considering themselves slighted at the Washington Conference. Accordingly only delegates from the United States, England, and Japan attended, and it must be remembered that out of the sixty-four delegates and advisers thirty-seven were naval or military officers, and Mr. Bridgeman, the chief British delegate, though not a naval officer, was First Lord of the Admiralty. The 'experts' in naval and military affairs, therefore, had a considerable majority at the conference, and it is the obvious duty of an officer to defend his arm of the service from any risk or encroachment. Perhaps this is especially true of naval officers, whose interest and knowledge are usually limited to the naval situation, and who are likely to be the most jealous for their country's naval strength. It is true that Lord Robert Cecil was with Mr. Bridgeman as British delegate, and his zeal for the reduction of armaments is above suspicion. One might almost say that his zeal alone stood above suspicion, and when the conference failed of his purpose he proved his convictions by resigning his post in the government as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Lord Jellicoe himself was also present as adviser for a large part of the conference, and when he spoke he commanded the attention always given to the man of action, and one who during the War had under-

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taken the highest responsibility. That was specially felt at a plenary session in the ballroom of the Bergues Hotel (July 14th) when he showed the necessity of a large number of the small cruiser class for maintaining trade routes and communications between outlying parts of the British Empire. It was on that occasion that he added the one touch of humor (perhaps unconscious humor) to the melancholy temper of the whole conference by telling us that often during the War he had wished it had pleased the Almighty to set the coast of Norway nearer to the coast of Scotland. That foresight would have narrowed the entrance of the North Sea and made it easier for our fleet to prevent the escape of German cruisers into the open oceans, where they could destroy the British shipping and supplies of food.

NONE the less, the conference opened with fair hope. Mr. Bridgeman, on the British side, proposed the extension of the life of battleships to 26 years and a reduction of their limit in size from 35,000 tons to about 30,000 tons, with the reduction of their guns from 16 inches to 13.5 inches; the maintenance of the Washington ratio of 5–5–3 between England, America, and Japan for 10,000-ton cruisers carrying 8-inch guns, and a limit of 7,000 tons and 6-inch guns for future light cruisers after the question of the large cruisers had been settled. The British Admiralty still favored the total abolition of submarines, but, in any case, suggested a division into two classes—the larger type limited to 1,600 tons, and the smaller to 600 tons, both with 5-inch guns.

All went well, as reports say before a fatal accident, until the American proposal for cruisers was stated. Mr. Hugh Gibson, the leader of the American delegation, proposed that, within a certain tonnage limit (at first put at something under 300,000 tons) for America and England, and about 180,000 for Japan, each nation should build cruisers of any type she chose, of course within the extreme individual limit of 10,000 tons and 8-inch guns for each large cruiser, as laid down at the Washington Conference of 1921. In this proposal Mr. Gibson was strongly supported by Admiral Hilary Jones, a very stiff naval supporter of American rights, not to say supremacy. They both maintained that America needed large cruisers because of her long range of surrounding oceans without bases; also that a few large cruisers were cheaper to build and maintain than several of the smaller class.

Mr. Bridgeman, for the British delegation, replied that we do not need many large cruisers, but a considerable quantity of the smaller class for the protection of the sea routes. He put the total at 15 larger cruisers and 55 smaller—70 in all. At the same time he announced that Great Britain could not regard the building of many of the larger cruisers (he put the estimate at 25) without alarm; for a cruiser of 10,000

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tons with 8-inch guns would play havoc with many cruisers of the smaller class. Thus the central point of dispute was the American demand for a total ('global') tonnage for all classes of cruiser, to be employed as each nation desired, without specifying the maximum numbers in any particular class, as against the British demand for a division of the total tonnage into classes, each class with a fixed maximum. On that point of dispute discussions continued week after week, and various attempts at compromise were tried. On the whole, the Japanese supported the British proposals as likely to be cheaper and more serviceable for Japan. For a time (July 19th–27th) the British delegates returned for further instructions to London.

ON COMING back to Geneva they made the fresh proposal that England and the United States should limit their large cruisers to twelve apiece, and as England already possessed twelve, whereas America had only two, we would delay further construction till America's twelve were completed. That seemed a pretty fair offer, but it was sharply rejected by the American delegation, supported by President Coolidge. So on August 4th, as I said, the Geneva Conference broke up in despair, and the delegates returned to their homes.

It would be hard to apportion the blame for the failure. The ultimate cause was that the delegates of each nation, while declaring war between England and America 'unthinkable,' were thinking of war all the time and with all their might. Perhaps I may also now mention (as in fact I wrote from Geneva at the time) that certain sinister figures went sliming about during the conference with the half-concealed intention of wrecking it. After my first two encounters with one of them (I did not know his name, but may perhaps suspect it), I perceived that his real object was to promote dissension for the future advantage of certain trusts in iron, steel, and shipbuilding. Whether he influenced the conference any more than he influenced me I cannot say. But in December of that year (1927) the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives in Washington introduced a bill for the construction of twenty-five large cruisers, thirty-two submarines, nine destroyer leaders, and five aircraft carriers at a total cost of $725,000,000, out of which sum considerable profits might have been made. Owing to the outcry in the country the proposal was reduced to fifteen large cruisers and one aircraft carrier at a cost of nearly $275,000,000. This was approved by the Senate last February, with the addition that all the fifteen should be laid down by July, 1931, and completed by 1934 or 1935.

Such was the result of the failure at Geneva. We may now hope it will be wiped from memory and completely rectified at the Five-Power Naval Conference in London.

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PHILIP SNOWDEN AND ANDRÉ TARDIEU

Two Unsympathetic Portraits

By French and German Correspondents

I. Philip Snowden

By Jacques Bardoux

Translated from *Le Temps*, Paris Semi-Official Daily

THE RIGHT HONORABLE PHILIP SNOWDEN, chancellor of His British Majesty's Exchequer, is tenacity in human form. He is a man worth knowing. The life of this little scribbling servant of the Treasury has been a miracle of energy, from his early days in the primary school of Keighley and his terrible bicycle accident until he was elected president of the Independent Labor Party, entered Parliament, and finally enjoyed the fruits of office. Will power reconstructed his shattered life and healed his infirm body. Will power extended his elementary knowledge and made his heavy pen write more easily. Will power transformed a paralytic into a man of action, and a petty clerk into a passionate propagandist. Will power forced a Parliament of rich men to pay attention to him and aroused the curiosity of London bankers. And will power has left its imprint on his emaciated profile.

Philip Snowden is a man worth looking at. His face is composed of nothing but bone and muscle. He has prominent cheek bones, and creases in his cheeks. His ears protrude and a frown furrows his brow. His forehead is high and his chin pointed. His thin lips make his smile become a mere grin. His pale eyes glitter like steel. He has a rasping voice and sharp gestures. He waves his forefinger menacingly. Relaxation is always an effort to him and he never makes a concession. Everything about him is angular—his arguments and his words, his epithets and his attitudes.

Philip Snowden is a man worth reading. He has written no fat volumes—only pamphlets shorter than those by MacDonald, and more trenchant. No doubts, no hesitations. The Socialist solution is essential. It can easily be realized. Everything is simple and clear. It is only necessary to desire and to dare. His sentences are full of affirmations, he has a gift for bitter epithets, and behind his written words you keep hearing his grating voice uttering his devastating convictions. You can

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see the sharp gestures of his arms and his steady, concentrated gaze. Whether the problem with which he is dealing is financial or legislative, economic or religious, his method is the same. His denunciations and affirmations are equally vehement and equally summary. It is impossible to resist or to withhold one's approbation.

THE present situation in the coal mines is scandalous. An unnecessary number of accidents are occurring, and unemployment benefits are unjustly distributed. The Socialist solution possesses an equitable simplicity. The coal mines are worth three billion gold francs. The proprietors will receive this sum either in state securities or in shares of a national mining company. Ninety million gold francs will suffice to pay a dividend of three per cent and the same sum will amortize the entire capital investment within forty years. The mines will be directed by a general committee that will concentrate work in districts where it is profitable and will dispose of the coal in such a way as to harmonize completely the interests of the worker and the consumer. 'There is no difficulty at all,' Mr. Snowden seems to say. 'We shall attend to all that. It is as simple as A B C. We shall do such and such for a generation. Already our municipalities own property of one kind or another valued at more than ten thousand million gold francs that they have acquired in just this fashion. It is more than twice as much money as would be necessary to purchase the mines.'

The situation of the Christian churches has become a scandal. According to Mr. Snowden, the spirit of Christ has never been less effective than it is to-day in promoting individual rights and social regeneration. Never have the churches been more materialistic. Never has the church been put to more fruitful use by rich people who look upon it and its ministers as possessing commercial value. But if only the Socialist organizations continue their victorious activities, if only they gain a majority, then the new dawn will break and Christianity will be regenerated. A political democracy dominated by the social ideal will be the form in which Christ will return to this earth to govern the nations justly, and when this social ideal is universally accepted, when it comes to dominate all people, what a change there will be! Mr. Snowden says that he often dreams dreams and has visions of the kind of world this will be when the spirit of love and sacrifice reigns, the spirit that animated certain noble spirits in every age and that glowed again, with such glorious brilliance of absolute perfection, in the life and example of Jesus of Nazareth.

A Puritan sense of discipline survives even in this agnostic, who believes that the final hour of the death struggle between reason and superstition is about to strike. This Puritanism provides the motive power of all his energy, and comes to a head in his pride. It accentuates

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his insularity. Never will a Philip Snowden, a Saxon from Yorkshire whose character was painfully and slowly formed in solitary labor and doleful meditation, a believer in progressive Socialism as his own people would conceive of it, occurring within the body of corporate institutions and Parliamentary traditions, never will such a man admit that he has anything to learn from a country like France, individualistic and equalitarian, authoritative and anarchistic, thrifty and rustic, Catholic and pagan. If he had not totally misunderstood and invariably ignored France, Philip Snowden would never have accepted as gospel truth all the commonplaces of German propaganda. But he not only lent an attentive ear to them, he spread them further himself, with bitter frenzy. He desired Great Britain to remain neutral in the War, he wanted a peace without victory.

On the twelfth of August, 1917, when a congress of the British Labor Party was discussing the Stockholm Conference of Socialists, Philip Snowden made the following statement, accompanied by gestures as emphatic as his tone of voice:—

> The minority representatives who go to Stockholm . . . will not be tongue-tied by the views of any majority. We shall go there to say that this slaughter has gone on quite long enough. We shall go there to say that it was not the peoples but the governments that made the War. We shall go there to say that in the last three years governments have been unable to settle this War, and finally we shall go to say that those whose incapacity has been made so manifest should no longer have the power to gamble with the lives of the people, that the time has come when the democracies of all the nations shall rise and say that it is not a question for a nation, it is not a question for allies, it is a question for the people, and the people now shall take the settlement of this question into their own hands.

PHILIP SNOWDEN advocated treaty revision and on the sixteenth of February, 1923, loudly proclaimed in the House of Commons that he did not know what Germany would have done had she been victorious, but that she could not have imposed on her victims a more brutal, more indefensible, more dishonest peace, a peace more replete with the harvest of hatred, than the one the Allies made. But the memory of these outbursts and the lack of comprehension they reveal will never mitigate Philip Snowden's docile acceptance of suggestions made by certain technical administrators, nor will they moderate his hostility toward any French delegation. The participation of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer in any negotiations is going to bring about more conflicts and reduce the chances of any agreement, since he is the kind of Socialist who will not hesitate to get rid of any intransigent followers and who will readily radicalize his programme.

On the twenty-second of August, 1924, just before the Dawes Plan was signed, a broken, hoarse voice raised itself harshly and bitterly above the whispers of the Conservatives and the objections of

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the Laborites. It was that of Philip Snowden, and in a long article dictated for the *Manchester Guardian* he outlined once again his objections to the Plan. He condemned the postponement of the military evacuation of the Ruhr, saying, 'This occupation is the sign and symbol of an ancient and vicious policy.' He condemned the prolongation of deliveries in kind: 'I do not need to dwell on the considerable importance this question presents to British commercial interests.' He condemned the proposed economic coöperation between France and Germany: 'One of the greatest dangers for the commerce of Great Britain . . . I warn the British commercial interests, and particularly the textile and metal interests, to keep on the qui vive.'

This clarion call aroused favorable echoes in the radical press. Behold him therefore, the man of to-morrow, one more desocialized Socialist who will be able to serve more zealously than J. Ramsay MacDonald the robust egotism of British finance and commerce and who will be able to bring about more definitely than J. Ramsay MacDonald the new British policy of dissociation from Europe and collaboration with America.

II. André Tardieu

By Simson Carasco

Translated from *Die Weltbühne*, German Liberal Weekly

WITH THE FALL OF POINCARÉ, France witnessed the close of an era characterized by the strangest contradictions, but characteristic withal of a country that persistently believed in the advantages that might be extracted from a military victory and that was anxiously determined to play an active and decisive part in post-War affairs. The Briand cabinet, which was virtually a shadow of the Poincaré cabinet, tried to maintain this state of affairs, but, when it likewise fell, French politics entered upon an active period during which the struggle between the left and the right became increasingly acute. We shall not raise here the question of whether the parties of the left are yet capable of governing, for the fact is that the right has produced a man of no great intellectual stature but a man whose raw, uncompromising egotism, iron energy, and diseased ambition for power and money will make him a useful leader for at least a short time.

André Tardieu, the new Prime Minister of France, is corruption personified. He is the typical professional patriot that is to be found in every country. Furthermore, Tardieu endangers the peace of France both at home and abroad. A certain French politician has said of him that he resembles a pig in his enjoyment of filth and dirt, and his very name lends itself to a play on words: 'Tardieu,' or '*dieu des tares*,' meaning 'god of imperfections.' One of the deputies in the Chamber said to

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him publicly, 'There are certain individuals whose dishonesty is universally recognized but who remain unpunished. You, Mr. Tardieu, are the last man in the world who has any right to accuse another of being a thief.' Poincaré himself once wrote, ironically, 'I do not dispute Mr. Tardieu's ability to give me lessons in politics and morality.'

Just as the parties of the left have not attacked him energetically, so the middle classes too, in spite of their contempt for the man, support his leadership, for he has given evidence of his usefulness by cleverly staging a series of Communist plots, to prove, by exposing them, that he is the strong man they need.

TARDIEU has figured in various scandals both before and after the War. It is impossible at the present time to say how much he had to do with suppressing news about the financial scandal in which the *Gazette du Franc* figured. A certain Parisian newspaper of the left wing has recently hinted that in the last election, when Tardieu ran for office in Belfort, he resorted to the most shameless corruption in order to win. He is generally known in France as '*le requin*,' 'the shark,' for he has a prodigious appetite, and his head, which comes to a ridge at the top, bears a certain resemblance to the head of this savage fish. In short, his appearance betrays his soul.

During the War, the great patriot Tardieu went to America to buy ships for France but what he really did there still remains a mystery. He was also the man who, together with Klotz, the finance minister, liquidated the American stocks in France when the War was over. Poincaré has characterized this liquidation as follows: 'Of the $2,933,000,000 that France spent in America on the War, $1,840,000,000 went into illegitimate profits.' The man responsible for this was Tardieu. And in conclusion we must also remark that it was he and not Klotz who said to the Chamber of Deputies on September 3rd, 1919, when asked who would make good the losses incurred in buying American goods, 'Germany will pay.'

In the documents from the Russian secret archives which *L'Humanité* published in 1923, it appears that Tardieu received regular payments during the years of 1912 and 1913 from the secret fund of the Russian government, to support Russian policy in the columns of *Le Temps*, where he wrote the leading articles on foreign politics, and, as a true servant of the Tsar, attacked the French ambassador in Saint Petersburg.

BUT the name of Tardieu is most familiarly associated with two enormous scandals of a financial and political nature. The Ngoko Sanga affair, whose history has been described in a book by Maurice Violette entitled *La Ngoko Sanga*, caused the greatest excitement, and a

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similar sensation was also aroused by the report of the Chamber of Deputies, Number 376, of the year 1910, and finally by Joseph Caillaux's book, *Agadir*.

The Ngoko Sanga was a company enjoying a state concession in the French Congo which exploited seventeen million acres of ground and was capitalized at two million gold francs. Officially this company was engaged in the banana and the rubber business, but, as Caillaux pointed out, the president of its board of directors, a certain Mestayer, did not even know where the Congo was. To him the whole undertaking was merely a means of swindling the State. Furthermore, on the occasion of a boundary settlement between the German Kamerun and the French Congo, the Ngoko Sanga demanded a sum of money almost as great as its total capitalization. This sum, however, was denied.

Mestayer and his associates subsidized three big newspapers, with which they wheedled their ill-gotten money out of the government. These comprised *Le Gaulois*, *La Liberté*, and *Le Temps*, on which Tardieu was employed at the same time that he was occupying a government position in the Ministry of the Interior. The three newspapers in question launched a powerful campaign against the government and Tardieu went so far as to publish in *Le Temps* false dispatches about German business men who had crossed the boundary of the Congo. Naturally this news did not improve the already tense relationships between Germany and France. Faced with this campaign, the French government saw itself compelled to give way, but it did raise the restriction that the Ngoko Sanga should be a Franco-German consortium. As a result, the government with a single stroke would free itself from this costly company, and an agreement was promptly outlined in Berlin. But the Ngoko Sanga wanted a subsidy of 2,393,000 gold francs. On the commission which was to decide upon the amount of money granted, Tardieu represented the interests of the company against the interests of the nation, in whose public service he was employed. On page sixty-four of his book, *Agadir*, Caillaux explains Tardieu's behavior as follows: 'Of this sum, 400,000 francs were to be paid for active assistance.' That means for André Tardieu.

Albert Thomas, the present director of the International Labor Office, brought this affair to the attention of the Chamber of Deputies. The agreement between the government and the Ngoko Sanga fell through and Tardieu only escaped the hand of justice by the protection he enjoyed in high quarters. Yet he is now posing as a one-hundred-per-cent patriot and has been inveighing for years against the foreign and colonial policy of France. Suddenly the War broke out, and the Ngoko Sanga problem remained hanging in the air. Nevertheless, Tardieu helped prepare the Treaty of Versailles and, since he could not get money out of the French government, he had Article 124 introduced

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to the Versailles Treaty, demanding that Germany pay the subsidy for the Ngoko Sanga.

IN 1910 an Anglo-French-Turkish group of financiers decided to build a railway from Homs in Syria to Bagdad, to compete with the German line. At first the enterprise did not appear likely to prove profitable. Otherwise, why were the governments of the various countries drawn into the affair? Furthermore, the group of financiers decided that the Turkish government must provide the balance of the money needed, that it must furnish guarantees and pay four and one-half per cent interest. Naturally the Turkish government was never asked for its opinion and the company found it much simpler to have France and England bring pressure to bear on Turkey and thus attain its purpose. Then, through the good offices of a certain Bernard Maimon, the company turned to influential journalists, enlisting in England the support of Mr. Arthur Barry and in France of André Tardieu of *Le Temps*. For participating in this affair Tardieu was promised a million francs.

He set to work at once. He conferred several times with the ministers who could be of assistance and everything seemed to be satisfactorily arranged. At this point, however, the French ambassadors in England and in Turkey refused to assist an undertaking that was not purely French. The great patriot, Tardieu, grew furious. The interests of France were conflicting with his own. The Anglo-French-Turkish company then promised him the presidency of the board of directors as well as his million francs, and his zeal redoubled. He betook himself to Berlin, where he conversed with von Gwinner, the director of the Deutsche Bank, and tried to win him over to support his plans against the French government.

Simultaneously, *Le Temps* attacked the French ambassadors in England and Turkey, and on one fine day published secret documents concerning the French plan to build a railway in Turkey. This warned Germany to beware of French policy in that part of the world; for Tardieu, the great patriot and propagandist of revenge, had no scruples.

Later Tardieu's colleague, Maimon, was arrested, as well as his secretary, Pallier, and a certain Rouet who had stolen the documents from the French Foreign Office. They were sentenced to prison for two years, but the man for whom they had done the stealing went unpunished.

'I despise programmes, and scruples are nothing but evil outgrowths of the spirit.' That is a favorite saying of André Tardieu, the new Prime Minister of France.

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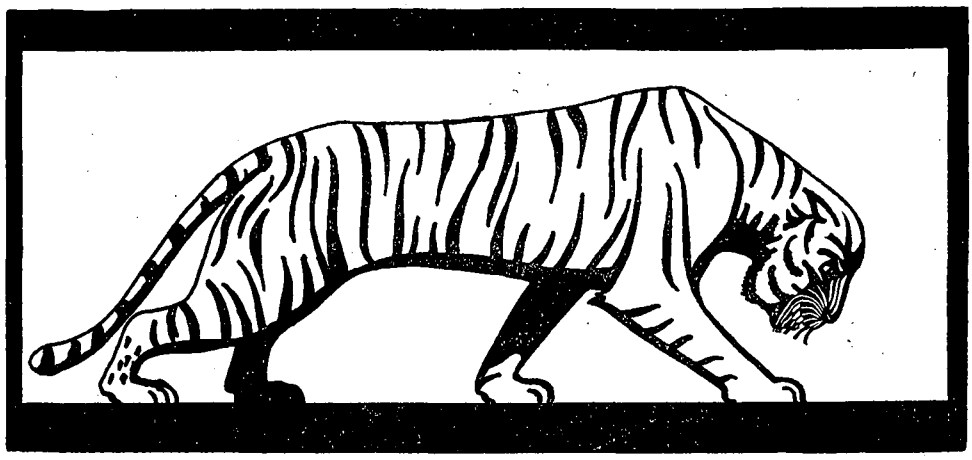

CLEMENCEAU THE MAN

Memories of a Fighter

By André Géraud ('Pertinax')

From the *Daily Telegraph*, London Conservative Daily

TO CONVEY AN ADEQUATE idea of Georges Clemenceau and an understanding of the extraordinary part that he played in half a century of French history, the most convenient course to follow is probably to connect him at once with the most heroic types of men to be met with in the records of the nation: the famous musketeers of the Royal Household in the seventeenth century, or the members of the Convention, Saint-Just and Carnot, who were sent to the Revolutionary Armies in order to watch, control, and, if necessary, to supersede the generals in command. Most of the value of Clemenceau, as a man and even as a statesman, resided in his vehement and imperative nature, in his indomitable character.

Essentially, he was one of those people who like to go straight at the obstacle, and would be ashamed if they had to buy victory at the price of using indirect methods, who hate all kinds of compromise, and for the sake of a gesture or an attitude would sacrifice distinct advantages. There was a little bit of Cyrano de Bergerac in him, although he did not have anything to do with Gascony.

Because he would not come to terms with anyone—not even with the realities of statesmanship—Georges Clemenceau resisted, till he was sixty-five, all the invitations which were tendered to him to take office. He could not help feeling that he would not be himself any

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longer once he had shouldered the heavy responsibilities of a ministerial department. His most intimate wish was to be a free lance or a dictator, and since there was no prospect that he ever would be a dictator he chose to remain a free lance. In 1906, when the Ministry of the Interior, and afterwards the Premiership, were forced upon his acceptance, and in 1917, when he became the omnipotent chief of a War cabinet, he did not arrive with a regular political party and a numerous retinue of personal friends at his back, but nearly alone, while holding in his hands a strong whip.

French parties are so fluid and inconsistent that the triumph of a superior personality overbearing all the ties of discipline is always possible. Clemenceau achieved that triumph more than any living man, with the exception of Poincaré between 1926 and 1929.

IT WAS not without sufficient cause that Clemenceau was called the 'Tiger.' He bullied and tyrannized his friends to a still greater degree than his foes. Poor M. Stephen Pichon, his faithful second in the old days at the Municipal Council of Paris and his foreign minister in 1906 and in 1917, lost his health through the manifold vexations and sufferings that were inflicted upon him. At one time Clemenceau had made up his mind to have placed under arrest at the frontier station a very prominent ambassador who, in the midst of the peace negotiations, had volunteered to give him advice, and had left his post without asking for any leave.

As early as October, 1918, in very abrupt terms, Clemenceau told Marshal Foch, who had asked for enlightenment about the peace policy of the ministry, that he had better mind his own business. Between the two men and General Weygand heated words were not infrequently exchanged. The epithet of 'tongue of a viper' was used on one occasion, until there came the breaking off of all relations. Mr. Lloyd George might perhaps remember a few picturesque scenes of the same kind.

Old Clemenceau reveled in making enemies. Having a good deal of the true aristocrat in him, he hated Delcassé because he looked like a teacher, and Poincaré because he too often behaved like a solicitor. He quickly came to despise his own ministers, the notorious finance minister, Klotz, to start with ('The only Jew I have ever met who does not know anything about money'), and, in the years following his retirement, Loucheur, and even Tardieu, who had been weak enough to serve under Briand and Poincaré, and were turned from his door. Only his private secretary, Georges Mandel, was spared, although he had to face many storms.

Clemenceau's lifelong ideas and conceptions—before he reached ministerial rank, of course, because from that time onward he had to compound with hard facts—are not very difficult to explain. He had

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retained the mind, all the prejudices, of a medical student of the early 'sixties, a very rough materialism, and a trenchant atheism. He made great show of his philhellenism, and no doubt the Greek people had in him a very stanch friend. But his philhellenism was not associated with a deep classical culture. He was by no means a scholar. His books of philosophy, his set speeches are not worth very much.

A SUPREME artist he could be, but in other paths—in the domain of the fighting speech or article and of the biting epigram. There his blade really was of a wonderful steel, and the way he handled it above all praise. For a long time his political programme was simplicity itself: at home, all the usual tenets of full democracy, and war to the knife against anything savoring of caste; in the Church and in the Army, such policy as becomes a strong individualist. As regards foreign politics, the concentration upon resistance to the German menace to the exclusion of all colonial expansion and activity, as well in Tunis or in Egypt as in Indo-China. He went so far as to sign a bill for the transfer to Italy of the Tunisian Protectorate.

With all those subjects Clemenceau dealt without taking the least trouble to inform himself, to keep in touch with a given situation. He was without papers, documents, and dossiers nearly as much as is M. Briand to-day. Last spring, when he undertook to answer the accusations brought against him in the name of Marshal Foch, he had not kept a single report or a letter upon which he could rely! He had to look around everywhere for material. But the very fact that he shut himself up in what he called the realm of 'general ideas' made him all the more alert for fighting a parliamentary battle.

It was not his business to don the heavy armor and shield of a crusader, but to go forward with only a sword—or possibly a knife. In a French parliamentary assembly it can be said that his appeal to collective passion, whenever he was in good form, was well-nigh irresistible.

His overwhelming strength, rooted as it was in his transparent patriotism, was seen at its best in 1917–18. Not only was he able to subordinate every other consideration to the necessity of waging the War with the greatest possible efficiency, but—and on that account the services he rendered to his country and to his country's Allies were invaluable—his materialistic and somewhat cynical outlook kept him immune from all sorts of ideology. In those terrible days it perhaps meant salvation. Neither Socialism nor Wilsonism, nor the alluring appearances of a diplomatic solution of the conflict could make the least impression upon that virile mind, which counted only upon the play of physical forces for the achievement he had in view.

At his hands MM. Caillaux and Malvy had to pay very dearly for not having equipped themselves with the warlike determination that

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all the circumstances required. And M. Briand himself, his colleague in the 1906–1909 cabinet, barely escaped summary arrest when the papers telling the tale of the Lancken negotiation were handed, from Berlin, to the dictator. Only two weeks ago he said to a very distinguished visitor: 'Sooner or later Briand will be shot in Vincennes for all his doings. Don't forget to be my representative at the parade!'

For the League of Nations, Clemenceau's contempt was unbounded. At the same time, he had in his heart a warm corner for the Anglo-Saxon world, for England, for America. His burning sore was in having failed to set up the permanent alliance of France with her great Allies of the War. Once he was asked why he had not written his memoirs. 'Because,' he said, 'I could not resist speaking my mind about Lloyd George and the British government, and in doing so I should erect, perhaps, an additional barrier between nations which, in spite of their quarrels, will have to stand together!'

NOTHING more romantic than Clemenceau's life can be imagined. Perhaps only a film could adequately picture his great adventure.

Let us remember, in turn, the popular young medical doctor—then the mayor of Montmartre—who calls on Jules Ferry, in charge of the prefecture of the Seine, to acquaint him with the murder of Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas by the Communist rioters. 'He was livid,' he used to tell Paul Cambon, who acted as secretary to Ferry.

Ten years have elapsed. Clemenceau, the favorite leader of the extreme Radicals, addresses the crowd in the circus of Belleville. There is a picture at the Luxembourg Museum showing him on the platform. He looks very thin and frail in his badly cut frock coat, but his 'Mongolian' eyes and cheeks—by no means uncommon in his native land of Vendée, I am told—breathe inexhaustible energy.

Another milestone. The merciless polemist and duelist has fallen on evil days. Without any money of his own, he continually has to look for a rich man or rich company to subsidize his newspaper, which means to him not only a weapon but a livelihood—and he lives in fairly great style.

For instance, he can be seen behind the scenes of the opera, in wonderful company, every great night. In that way he has been careless enough to associate himself with Cornelius Herz, the notorious corrupter of the French parliamentarians (for the issue of the Panama loan), who died in Bournemouth. A savage compaign is being led against him. In the election of 1893 he can hardly raise his voice in public. At every turn he is shouted down with the cry of 'Oh, yes!' whereby it is meant that he sold himself to England. He loses his old seat from the Department of Var. But he will rise again, even from such complete and ignominious defeat.

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And at least three other Clemenceaus are still to pass upon the stage: the Prime Minister of 1906–1908, who meets King Edward at Marienbad, and makes accurate prophecy about the forthcoming European conflict; the old '*Père la Victoire*,' who sadly wanders about the trenches with a private's cap on his head; and the prospective President of the Republic of January, 1920, who looks forward to a continuation of his omnipotence in a new function—the supreme function—for another seven years, and is suddenly overthrown by the underhand manœuvring and lobbying of revengeful Briand, coupled with the fears of the Archbishop of Paris: 'Should he go to the Elysée, surely, owing to his advanced age, he would impose upon us the awful scandal of an atheist's funeral!'

Then, at the close of the chapter, is the retired statesman spending his time in writing negligible philosophical dissertations, and brooding over the past, who welcomes the visitor with words like, 'Why do you come? To fight a duel with me? All right, I am ready.'

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Oxford and Cambridge Assessed

SO MUCH CRITICISM has been leveled of late years at the ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge that the London *Morning Post* decided to get the undergraduate point of view on the problem of higher education in England. Its editor therefore invited the presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge Unions, young men whose skill at debate had earned them positions of outstanding importance, to discuss what they thought was the matter with their respective seats of learning. Michael Stewart, speaking for Oxford, defines a university as 'primarily a seat of learning,' which leads him to assert that entrance to Oxford 'must be reserved for those whose primary purpose is to pursue learning.' He advocates more scholarships and stiffer entrance examinations and takes particular pains to point out that women are just as much entitled to higher education as men:—

> A university should be open to men and women alike. If it is to contain those best fitted to pursue learning, it must select its students for this capacity. It cannot give arbitrary preference to one sex any more than to people over five feet, eight inches, or to possessors of red hair.

From the social point of view, the presence of women in a university raises certain problems that Oxford has not even begun to solve. Mr. Stewart urges that mixed clubs and societies should be formed and argues, too, that differences of wealth among the undergraduates should play a less important part. But perhaps the most extraordinary suggestion he makes has to do with the classics. Oxford, from time immemorial, has been looked upon as the home of the humanities, yet this young man feels that it 'might well remove from the curriculum the pitiful remnant of Latin now required.' Like the good, up-to-date Englishman that he is, he considers 'a knowledge of the elements of economics' more essential and even hints that in time Oxford may go the way of fair Harvard and have to establish a school of business administration.

Curiously enough, the Cambridge point of view, which would normally be more inclined than Oxford's to lead toward the sciences, dwells chiefly on the tradition of culture. This may be due to the fact that the president of the Cambridge Union happens to be an aristocrat, Lord Pentland by name, who plays traitor to the British ruling classes by actually apologizing for the undue emphasis that Cambridge is supposed to lay upon sport. On the subject of women, he too feels that Cambridge has dodged the issue and he pours contempt on the 'lady principals at women's colleges and a Koran of absurd rules' that have 'made the life of the normal girl very difficult and insured that Cambridge shall eventually contain the four hundred least intelligent and most inflexible bluestockings in Britain.' The reforms that Lord Pentland suggests seem to be considerably more vague than those proposed by Mr. Stewart, his outstanding suggestion being to raise the courses in agriculture and architecture to the level of an honors degree. As for his final summarizing paragraph, it means almost nothing at all:—

> The greatest problem of all has yet to be faced. If the university is to sur-

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vive, the numbers will have to be limited, and some method devised of maintaining the highest cultural traditions while yet choosing students fairly from all classes of the population. It is on the success of the colleges in meeting this difficulty that the future of Oxford and Cambridge will depend.

Nevertheless, these two outbursts throw a good deal of light on the British undergraduate's current state of mind. Michael Stewart's opinions reflect the misgivings of those who feel that economic forces count for more than Latin declensions nowadays, while Lord Pentland speaks for a class whose cultural heritage has begun to fall into the hands of publicans and sinners.

Britain Bans a War-Book Poster

IN SPITE OF THE FACT that *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *July '14* have both become best sellers in England, the London *Times* and the *Observer* refused to run a somewhat gruesome picture advertising the two books. The offending design, the work of E. McKnight Kauffer, whose posters are well known to the British public, depicts a skeleton in modern armor with a gas mask and a tin helmet concealing most of its skull and a gun with a blood-tipped bayonet held between its bony fingers. In the upper left-hand corner of the picture the word 'Makers' appears in small letters with 'July 1914' running in large characters above the head of the skeleton. Under the figure, the words, 'Hell with the lid off,' appear in quotation marks and then comes 'Martyrs'—in contrast with 'Makers'—in small letters and 'All Quiet on the Western Front' in big type again.

Both books are published by Putnam's, one of the oldest and most conservative houses in Great Britain, and when the *Daily Herald* inquired why the advertisement had been refused, it was informed that no reason had been given. The *Herald* then approached the two newspapers, but was unable to get any statement at all from the *Times*. The *Observer*, a more liberal organ, asserted, however, that their objections did not apply to the books—both of which have, of course, been advertised extensively throughout Great Britain—but to the picture, which was considered just a shade too gruesome for a Sunday journal.

Pirandello without Honor

LUIGI PIRANDELLO has written a public letter which the *Corriere della Sera* refused to publish but which finally appeared in *Il Tevere* of Rome, complaining that not one of his last four plays has been produced in Italy. One of them has been ready for over a year, another for seven months, and the remaining two were completed last fall. Their author points out wistfully that New York and Leipzig will see *Lazarus* before Italy does and that *Questa sera si recita a sogetto* is to be given in Russia, Germany, and France, but that no plans for either have yet been made for Italy. His third new play, *O di uno o di nessuno*, was about to be presented in an obscure Turin playhouse a few months ago, but the production did not suit the dramatist, who ordered the play withdrawn. The same fate also befell *Lazarus*, at about the same time, in Milan, while the fourth play, *Come tu mi vuoi*, has never even been attempted. Enemies of Pirandello state that he has only himself to thank because his own company, which he directed for three years, prejudiced all the best actors and producers in Italy against him and it is also pointed out that he owes all his present prestige to his successes abroad, as the taste of the Italian public runs to more simple, emotional themes, such as he does not choose to pursue. Indeed, Pirandello most resents this rôle of prophet without honor in his own country.

Emmanuel Audisio, the Rome correspondent of a theatrical paper in Paris, has given the protesting letter its proper background. He recalls that in 1925 Pirandello and Massimo Bontempelli, the short story writer, launched a press campaign against a certain Paolo Giordani, who is described as 'holding in his hands the material fate of the Italian theatre.'

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A year later, however, the three men became reconciled and Pirandello approved Mussolini's plan for a state theatre, which, incidentally, never went through because so many theatrical people disapproved of state interference in this field. At this point, Pirandello got his own company together and tried to fill the breach, whereupon, according to his supporters, an occult conspiracy began to work against him. However, the fact that Mussolini has included, not only Pirandello, but also Croce, a much more violent anti-Fascist, in the newly created Italian Academy, indicates that the outburst is probably more a matter of pique than of principle.

Sir Oliver Lodge and H. G. Wells

AS THE RESULT of a radio talk in which Mr. H. G. Wells set forth his materialistic philosophy of life, Sir Oliver Lodge has also taken the air and given a more idealistic interpretation of this world we live in. The two lectures formed part of a series sponsored by the British Broadcasting Company entitled 'Points of View,' in which Bernard Shaw, Lowes Dickinson, and J. B. S. Haldane have also set forth their notions of how the universe is, or should be, run. In the dispute between Sir Oliver and Mr. Wells, a curious contrast, symptomatic of present-day thought, occurred, for it was the scientist who championed the individual and his immortal soul while the novelist, who also happens to be a dabbler in scientific matters, argued that the community is more important than the individual and took what his learned opponent referred to as 'a biological point of view' which 'got him as near the truth as can be got by attending to matter alone.'

The substance of Sir Oliver Lodge's reply was devoted to individualism—not, for once, to spiritualism—and he brought Mr. Wells severely to book as a typical amateur who was talking about something he did not understand:—

The individual is more permanent than the race. My bodily self is but a small fraction of the whole, but, however insignificant in itself, it is an outward and visible sign of a permanent entity in the cosmos, something that endures and need not cease to be.

Mr. Wells wondered what was the essence of Christianity. Well, that is part of the essence, that the individual is the important thing. Each individual is of permanent and vital significance; the race is only a congeries and succession of individuals. Things do not exist in the abstract as generalizations; they exist as concrete individual entities.

Reversing his well-sounding dictum, it is not man that is immortal, but men. It has taken a long course of evolution to produce a personality, and once produced it will continue.

This is not speculation on my part; it is knowledge based on ascertained fact. Mr. Wells has a great deal of knowledge, but he hasn't that. Like other present-day amateur biologists, he is probably not prepared to accept that, and therefore his point of view stops short, frustrated, ending in nothing.

So long as we contemplate matter alone, this is inevitable. Every structure made of matter is temporary. The whole world is temporary; it will cease. But that is not the whole of existence; the permanent realities lie outside all that. They are accessible, not to the senses, but only to the mind, especially to the mind of the poet, the artist, the philosopher, and the saint.

This is where the plain man has to that extent an advantage over the specialized scientist; he has primary apprehension of a number of most important things. Whatever he may be ignorant of, he is aware of his own consciousness; he can take his stand with Descartes and say 'I am sure of one thing, that I can think.'

In actual fact, the individual really does continue, and no system of thought which does not include that great fact can be really satisfactory. That it is which in the long run gives meaning to the whole and justifies the problems of existence. The Christian revelation also drives in the permanent and para-

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mount importance of the individual soul. Ignore that and our philosophy is defective.

Thomas Mann

THE WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S Nobel Prize for literature reveals in his work the same mixture of German and Latin strains that exist in his blood. The father of Thomas Mann was a Lübeck merchant, but his maternal grandmother was a Brazilian and his own mother came from southern Germany. As a result, perhaps, of these two tendencies his books are characterized by a certain deftness of style and delicacy of psychological perception not commonly associated with German fiction. Such, at least, is the opinion of many European critics, but it is an opinion that the reading public of England and America do not seem to share. Mann's masterpiece, *The Magic Mountain*, enjoyed enormous popularity in Central Europe, but it never attracted many Anglo-Saxon admirers. Indeed, one is led to suspect that the author's interminable disquisitions on God, freedom, and immortality leave the average English-speaking reader as cold and bored as the numb rustics of Thomas Hardy leave the average quick-witted Continental.

Naturally enough, when Mann received the honor that Hardy was never awarded, his ideas and methods came in for considerable notoriety. His signing of the manifesto issued by a group of German intellectuals in 1914, supporting the imperial government, has conveniently been ignored and much more attention devoted to his *Reflections of an Unpolitical Man*. In this essay, written during the War, he confesses to having fancied himself a good European, only to discover that he was as essentially German as Wagner, Nietzsche, and Schopenhauer, on whose ideas he was raised. More recently he has advocated that France and Germany emulate Switzerland, where the Teutonic and the Latin groups have worked together to produce a single and significant culture.

The French comments on Thomas Mann strike much the same note that those on Stresemann did. Like Stresemann, he has been a good German first and a good European afterward. Like Stresemann, he has preferred not to have his country cast in its lot with either Russia or with Western Europe, but to pursue its own destiny midway between the Oriental and the Latin tradition. In Germany itself, Mann is accorded the recognition and respect that the bourgeois society of Europe habitually pays to a bourgeois artist, and his excellent style and exquisite sense of proportion have won him a rather special renown. And it is a significant indication of how completely Germany has been admitted once again to the society of civilized nations that the fact of a German winning the outstanding literary honor of the year comes in for no unusual amount of comment.

Caruso's Corpse Kept Up to Date

WHILE PASSING THROUGH Paris recently, Tito Schipa, the renowned Italian tenor, told how Caruso's memory is being kept green by a select group of friends who dress the embalmed body of the great singer in a new suit of clothes every three years. This strange yet touching ceremony occurs in the Pozzio Reale Cemetery in Naples, where the body lies in a state of perfect preservation, its complexion as fresh as it was in real life. Nobody has explained authoritatively the origin of this rite, but the assumption seems to be that Caruso thought his memory would surely be kept alive if his clothes were kept up to date and, for that reason, the new clothes embody always whatever material, color, and cut are most popular at the moment. Signor Schipa reports that the body is now dressed in a frock coat and looks very well indeed.

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CHINA AS IT IS

French and German Views

By Two Far Eastern Correspondents

I. Three Picturesque Ports

By Maurice Larrouy

Translated from *Le Temps*, Paris Semi-Official Daily

CANTON

THERE ARE SEVERAL CHINAS. It would be impossible to apply to this immense territory the conception of a close-knit country which our European history has created. The distant provinces of Mongolia and Tibet form almost independent units. Politically and geographically, they are attached only by arbitrary bonds to the nation, whose chief activity is concentrated in the twenty-one provinces. And these provinces, in turn, constitute roughly the three Chinas of the North, the Centre, and the South, grouped respectively around three great rivers, the Hwang-ho, the Yangtze-kiang, the Si-kiang.

These arteries of traffic, together with their tributaries and canals, still constitute after many long centuries the only sure means of communication for the four hundred million inhabitants; indeed, in no other country do the waterways possess such importance. The cities situated at their outlets are not mere seaports, as is the case in France; they also provide a market place for all imports and exports. They form a caravansary for an immense floating population, in the literal sense, for the sampan and the junk are the only means of transportation here.

The many-armed river of Canton, metropolis of the South, is the scene of prodigious activity. Boats aligned like houses, separated by

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alleys and boulevards of water, form a mobile, crowded city where artisans of every trade, both maritime and industrial, are swarming. The tinman and the basket maker, the worker in metal, stone, and ivory, the weaver and the potter are born, work, and die on the boats of Canton, which, at certain seasons, go up as far as the mountain country or penetrate the heart of the rice fields. The worker must travel in order to ply his trade, which he practises during his leisurely trips, while his children row and his wife steers. He sells his products where he can, but always he returns to Canton.

The town itself consists of a huge conglomeration of buildings running parallel to the floating city. Big merchants, wholesalers in silk and rice, agents for tea and precious woods carry on a stupendous business with the four corners of the earth, for every country is buying more and more of the excellent products of these fertile provinces. The lofty, gaily painted houses, the magnificent banners that serve as advertisements and that give the streets the air of being decked with flags bear witness to the prosperity of the city. Wares are piled high in many baskets. A torrent of pedestrians and jinrickshas pours through the macadamized avenues and the twisting lanes, especially at night. The people are fat and satisfied—their smile symbolizes the ease and good humor of the South. They work hard and enjoy themselves even more strenuously in the innumerable restaurants, tea-room cabarets, gaming houses, theatres, movies, and concerts, which twinkle at night with every color and design that electricity can achieve. For the Chinese is never stingy with light. He places one everywhere, even where he does not work, or does not even see it. And he never puts out a light, because it not only shines for his convenience or his pleasure, but is a manifestation of his pomp.

This illumination is splendid to look upon. Our Western artists compose their lighting displays on a very meagre scale, a result, no doubt, of the sober lines of our alphabet, our painting and sculpture. The Chinese is not restrained by any such economy. Each character of his writing is itself a work of art. The announcement of a product, a social cause, or even a mere name at once becomes a charming frieze. The pale, pearly sky of Canton seems to be hung with many-colored bulbs and with long, illuminated tubes. The brightest of them advertise theatres and hotels, but from the terrace of the European concession, where I am awaiting sleep, their glow seems to symbolize age-old China, prompt to assimilate our discoveries yet pursuing its own ideals.

Macao

THIS is like some Mediterranean or Andalusian shore. The sycamore and the beautiful pagoda tree are silhouetted darkly against the colored rocks. The waves, no longer colored with the mud of the delta,

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shine with translucent colors. White and stubby, the lighthouse dominates the jagged skyline. It is the first one ever built in China. Opposite it a fine house, also white, serves as a bishopric, the first to be installed in the Far East. In a small, peaceful garden a rocky arch shelters the bust of Camoens, the first of our voyaging poets.

Macao is the last vestige of that immeasurable empire which Magellan, the Vascos, the Albuquerques and Cabrals claimed for Portugal. From Africa to Japan these infinitely daring people settled every point where huge cities thrive to-day. They feared neither failure nor the dangers of first contacts with the unknown. They introduced Western customs, beliefs, and languages. Everywhere the solidly stamped imprint of this sea-faring race confronts the traveler. But Portugal overestimated her strength. The poverty of her people prevented her from gathering the fruits of the widely flung seed and this colonial colossus crumbled away, until now only a few bits of her vanished empire remain. And Macao is one of the most touching and most charming relics of a departed grandeur.

Its low dwellings, tinted green, blue, or pale rose, inspire the same sweet melancholy as the things of one's native land and of the past. It is a seventeenth-century settlement, perhaps a sixteenth-century one. The dwellings look new. The winding streets, paved firmly with pebbles, have echoed to the bells of mules and the prancing of plumed steeds, and the strong chins, the flashing glances of certain half-breeds are the only remaining heritage of some distant ancestor, some Estremadura mountaineer or Douro boatman.

HONGKONG

ALL sorts of ships mingle in the waters of Hongkong. From pictures in the dictionary, we recognize the classical ones, from the trans-oceanic steamboat to the squat trawler, from the noble three-master to the slim destroyer. Others are native to the Far East. There is the junk, with its low-lying hulk and high stern, rigged with sets of sails like the wings of a butterfly or a bat. Some of its sails open and fold like fans or window blinds. There is not a manœuvre, however bold or dangerous, which could stump these mariners, who have navigated the high seas or shot the rapids of rivers since their childhood. The sampans are propelled by men and women facing the bow and leaning on their oars like Venetian gondoliers or Mediterranean fishermen.

But besides this infinite variety of picturesque boats you see everything that can float. Even naval engineers or futurists could not conceive such droll, incongruous craft as those the industrious Chinese has invented for his pleasure, his wanderings, and his small tasks. One of them looks like a stew pot, another resembles a basket. A hollow tree trunk or three bamboos tied together is enough for the Chinese Triton,

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be he gamin or graybeard. He paddles about, constantly risking his life among the huge ships with their merciless propellers. When he capsizes, he comes up all snorts and grins, and with the aid of a bit of string or a few nails soon has his skiff frisking along again, as if nothing had happened.

This mixture of every nautical contrivance that science or instinct could evolve symbolizes Hongkong, for it is the meeting place of traffic from all over the world. The ignorance of the savage Polynesian, of the Philippine and Malayan merchant, contrasts with the activity and progress of the Chinese and of the Western races, and the boats that mingle at these crossroads reflect the stages of civilization which their owners have attained.

II. China's Poverty and Potential Wealth

By Dr. L. von Ungern-Sternberg

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt,* German Liberal Daily

MUCH has been written about the wealth of China, and about its coal and minerals, its soy beans, its rich soil, and its tea, and much has also been written about the great reservoir of human labor it contains. For China's latent wealth is so enormous that it cannot be put into figures. Who can say how rich China might be? But, on the other hand, whose imagination is capable of describing the poverty of China? To anyone who knows China, this is the most striking aspect of the country. The ragged, faded blue jackets of the coolies are full of holes through which the yellow skin of the wearer glistens. No one can forget the men who carry sedan chairs up the mountains, for their legs are swollen with varicose veins. Dozens of people sleep, eat, and work in each narrow room of the crooked little houses. Women and mangy, starved dogs search for rubbish on the banks of the big rivers and canals when the water in them has fallen low, and during the hot nights of summer the bodies of sleeping men crowd the narrow streets.

Behind all this is the sinister Chinese climate. Northwestern China consists of vast deserts, in many of which no rain has fallen for four years. Other districts have been subjected to grievous floods, and all parts of the land are constantly falling prey to plagues of grasshoppers that devour every growing thing. Millions of people have died of hunger in recent years. Thousands of little girls have been bought and sold, for prices ranging between four and sixty marks apiece. Cannibalism presents a temptation that these famished people are not always able to resist. In China one understands for the first time how splendid and gentle a thing nature is in Central Europe.

Even in those provinces where bad harvests seldom occur, extreme poverty prevails. Sums of money that seem to us ridiculously small are

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able to nourish whole families. Even in Shanghai, the most expensive place in China, a workman can feed himself on ten or twelve marks a month, and a family needs much less than that per head. In the interior, an agricultural laborer often lives on one or two marks a month. The Shanghai workman spends about four marks a month for clothes, while the peasant needs but four marks a year. The coolies maintain life at the lowest possible level, a level that has sunk still lower in recent years, for, although wages have risen, prices have gone up even higher. In short, modern China is in an unparalleled condition of pauperization.

BUT the soul of the Chinese people has reacted to all this in an entirely new fashion, because the growing poverty has been accompanied by an increasing demand for certain commodities—the cheap kerosene lamps of the Standard Oil Company, the coveted cigarettes of the British-American Tobacco Company, imported cotton goods from Japan and Lancashire, up-to-date stockings, the European hat. The people want all kinds of novelties that a few dollars can buy, and, in consequence, the traditional Chinese attitude of resignation no longer remains possible.

For poverty and privation are no longer endured as they used to be. China's increasing consciousness of her misery has brought about unexpected results, and all the ancient social structure of the country has changed. The big family is breaking up, for the father or son of the family can no longer support a great number of relatives and hence they must depart to places where employment can be found. This change is not due to a new philosophy of life; it is the result of rising prices and the desire for new goods and new experiences, and particularly an eagerness for novelty, which has become the outstanding phenomenon of modern China. And with the disappearance of the big family has come the end of the support which it could lend its members; there is nobody to help the unemployed during hard times. The increasingly insistent demand for a system of state insurance is due not only to a desire to imitate Western methods, but to the realization that the individual is becoming more and more helpless in his fight for existence.

One thing is particularly noticeable. The change in the social structure has so far exerted but little influence on economic thought. People merely consider the problem of consuming and distributing certain goods. The question of producing new goods does not arise. Only a very few people realize that certain psychological and practical changes could make China a rich country, while everyone knows, and hopes, that some lucky chance may enable him to make money either in the form of bribery or perhaps as a result of the constant state of civil war.

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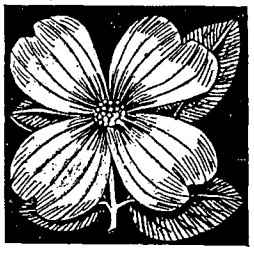
For the so-called civil war is looked upon purely as an opportunity for making money. The victorious general bleeds the business and industry of the country, while the soldier plunders and robs. When three factions are engaged in a struggle, one of them maintains its neutrality until it can sell out to whichever of the other two parties will pay the higher price. If the soldier gets no chance to plunder, he mutinies, and money is required to 'suppress' the mutiny. Then, too, there is the graft of providing army equipment, and the profit to be made from importing armaments from abroad.

THE activities of the Chinese people are producing interesting effects on China's economic relations with the outer world. At the present moment, these relations are not of great significance, for China is neither as important a market nor as important a producing country as her size and population entitle her to be. Capital is lacking, and also any serious desire to make the country's potential wealth useful. And here we face the problem that interests the American adviser to the Chinese Government so intensely. How can the technical and economic cleavage between China and the modern world be spanned? To put the matter in practical terms, how can China be provided with the loans she needs, and, at the same time, how can we be sure that these loans will be turned to productive use? One may even ask whether economic coöperation between China and the outer world is possible at all. It presents a problem complicated by two fears: the foreigner's fear that he will lose his money, and the fear of the Chinese that he will lose his independence.



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THE NEW BRITANNICA

The Americanization of a British Institution

By a *New Statesman* Reviewer
From the *New Statesman*, London Independent Weekly

IT IS DIFFICULT for an Englishman to criticize the new Fourteenth Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on its real merits. If only it had been given another name, one might have hailed it as one of the finest works of reference that has ever been produced. But, alas, we cannot forget the old *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the greatest encyclopædia that was ever produced, a monument of universal culture. And here, under the same name, we have a masterpiece of modern journalism: bright articles, bright pictures—the very thing for the 'home'! Almost every page reminds us that our great encyclopædia is no longer ours. It is owned in America, printed in America, and largely written in America. From the point of view of typography the title and opening pages of each volume are an eyesore. That, perhaps, does not matter very much, since one's primary object in using an encyclopædia is not to find examples of good typography, and the general type employed throughout the work—apart from the new heavy 'cross-heads'—is a close imitation of that of the admirable Eleventh Edition. But the change goes much deeper. We had been warned by advertisement that this new edition was to be 'completely rewritten,' that it was to be 'humanized' and 'picturized,' but we had not been warned of the extent to which it was to be Americanized.

It is an admirable work; it is only the retention of an ancient and honored name, no longer applicable, that rankles. The new edition is not a 'British' work. 'Anglo-Saxon,' perhaps, or 'Nordic,' or 'Anglo-American,' but certainly not British. A British encyclopædia, for example, would not inform us that members of the House of Commons enjoy the privilege of free travel on British railways; nor in a record of great 'Transoceanic Flights' would it put Colonel Lindbergh at the top of the list and make no reference whatever to the two Englishmen who crossed the Atlantic successfully eight years before him; nor again, in referring to Newcastle, would it describe it as 'Newcastle (England)'; nor should we find in it such a heading as 'Progressive Education Movement, The (in Europe called New Education).' Ten thousand similar examples might be cited from this new 'Britannica.' A few must be mentioned here.

There is an article on the construction and use of naval and military ordnance. This is a subject, more especially on the naval side,

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upon which Great Britain might be regarded as having some claim to 'parity' (shall we say?) with the United States. It is a splendidly illustrated article, containing no less than forty-four first-class photographs, and *every single one* of the forty-four refers to America—American steel works, American war ships, American naval guns, American field artillery. Why, then, 'Britannica'? We open another volume and turn to the article on Landscape Gardening (or rather 'Landscape Architecture,' as it is called in America and in this book). The main article is written by an American about America, with 'England' as a subheading. We find again a number of splendid photographs and diagrams, of which over thirty relate to the United States and eight to England and Scotland. In the article on 'Bridges,' thirty-two out of about fifty bridges illustrated are American. In the article on 'Motor Cars,' thirty-one of the illustrations are American and four British. Of the various types of 'Motor Boats' shown, all are American.

In the article on 'Judicial Reform,' we are told at the end of the first paragraph that 'this article refers only to the United States.' The article on 'Railways' covers thirty-seven pages, of which thirty-five and one-half are written by Americans, and twenty-nine of its forty illustrations are American. In the article on 'Poultry,' twenty-six out of the thirty-two illustrations are American. The article on 'Posters' has two colored illustrations, both American and both quite inferior to the best British work. In the article on 'Cartoons' there are ten illustrations, of which two are German and eight American. No mention is made of any *Punch* artist or of F. C. Gould, or Dyson, or Low.

All these examples have been chosen at random from three or four volumes. It is unnecessary to lengthen the list, though it would be very easy to do so indefinitely. We have given them merely to justify the repetition of our question, why 'Britannica'? Frequently the word, 'national,' as in 'National Broadcasting Corporation' or 'National Thrift Committee,' is used without any explanation that the nation referred to is the American, not the British. Why, then, 'Britannica'? Englishmen have, of course, no legal power to dispute the misnomer. The American publishers who purchased the copyright are entitled to use the name, but they must not be surprised if they find Englishmen feeling a little sore about it, and inclined to cling to their Eleventh and Thirteenth Editions. It is a very good encyclopædia, but it is no longer a British encyclopædia, and is obviously likely to become even less so in future editions.

BEFORE referring to the merits of the new edition as a whole there are some other complaints and criticisms which must be made. One finds, for example, an article on 'Periods in Art' (actually indexed under 'P'!) which might be worthy of publication on the 'magazine

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page' of a penny newspaper in the silly season, but which is really not above that level. One finds again an article on 'Lamps and Lamp Shades' (occupying about two-thirds of the space given to 'Aviation'). It contains nine colored reproductions, all apparently from the designs of the writer of the article, ten wholly uninteresting photographs (as of a woman sewing a white lampshade or a man wiring an ordinary electric standing lamp) and a number of diagrams. This sort of thing is surely an indication of very slack or chaotic editorship. Then, again, one finds an article on 'Lawn Tennis,' profusely illustrated with photographs such as are to be seen throughout the press during the Wimbledon Tournament, contributed by some one who is allowed to write of 'stroking' a ball when he means 'striking' and 'stroked' when he means 'struck.' Finally, one must observe that almost all the small line drawings with which the text is so profusely 'picturized' are beneath contempt both in their choice and in their execution. One finds, for example, the article on 'Kentucky' broken up by a drawing (about the size of a large postage stamp and slightly out of perspective) of 'The House in which Stephen Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home."' Who Stephen Foster was, or what was the nature of his composition, or why he wrote it, are questions which are not answered in the text. We suppose the Britannic reader is presumed to be able to answer them for himself. A few pages later there is a drawing of a Korean warship of the sixteenth century which . . .

But one tires of caviling. We have to accept the fact that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in its latest form is no longer British, no longer a monument of British learning and scholarship, but rather a triumph of American journalistic enterprise, conducted on a thoroughly sound commercial basis. Once that unpalatable fact is accepted and put aside, we can very easily allow ourselves to admire. For this Fourteenth Edition of the Anglo-American encyclopædia is full of first-rate stuff. In certain ways the majority probably even of its British readers will find it greatly improved. Its 'handiness,' as well as its appearance, approximates to that of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, in spite of its much greater bulk. We do not say this in derision. The old *Encyclopædia Britannica* was undoubtedly a bit top-heavy. It was weighed down by its completeness and its scholarship. It contained a great deal of matter—now largely eliminated—which was written by experts for experts, and could be understood by no one else. Its articles, for example, on Mathematical Physics or on Organic Chemistry were largely beyond the comprehension even of men who had taken first-class university honors in these subjects. This has been avoided in the new edition. We may take as an example the articles on the Infinitesimal Calculus in the Twelfth and Fourteenth Editions respectively. In the former, the article was a highly expert monograph occupying about seventeen pages, and quite incomprehensible to more than about one reader in a million. In the

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latter, the article occupies about four pages, and can be understood by anyone who possesses even an elementary knowledge of the principles of the calculus. If, for example, one wishes to work out a practical problem or follow an argument involving some use of the more elementary forms of differentiation, of which one's recollection has become rusty from disuse, one can turn up this article and get exactly what one wants. One could not do that with the old *Encyclopædia;* yet, after all, it is just for such emergencies that an *Encyclopædia* is wanted. Here, then, is a definite improvement which affects a great number of scientific articles—articles which in the old editions had gradually swelled into over-elaborate treatises. We can remember, indeed, the time when the article on 'Hydraulics' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was the only advanced text-book on the subject that existed in the English language, and had to be reprinted in separate form for the use of engineering students! That was all very well, but it was a little too much of a good thing. A collection of treatises does not make a handy work of reference.

HERE we are entirely on the side of the innovators. We are on their side also—though rather reluctantly—in regard to their introduction of cross-headings in heavy type. They do not look nice, but they certainly make it easier to find quickly exactly what one wants in a long article. The photographic illustrations also, though we may complain in some respects of their choice, form, as a whole, an immense addition to the value of the work. In short, the 'picturizing' (if we except the dreadful 'picturettes' inserted in the text) is far better than so horrible a word might have led one to expect. For the 'humanizing,' in so far as we may detect it in articles on family budgeting or on how to carve a joint, we cannot profess very much appreciation or respect. It seems to have led to the introduction of a good deal of ephemeral rubbish more suitable to a newspaper than to an encyclopædia. But the 'modernizing' has been well done. A pretty clean sweep of the old stuff which had appeared in edition after edition had undoubtedly become necessary, and the sweeper has on the whole conducted his operations with an intelligent discretion. If it is no longer the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, it is at any rate an exceedingly good and useful encyclopædia—all the more useful, perhaps, because the new parts of it have been composed largely by journalists rather than by scholars. It should have a great sale in the Middle West—and in England, too—and, after all, business is business.

The week after this review appeared, the 'New Statesman' printed the following letter from the Encyclopædia Britannica Company, to which the editor of the former added a further comment of his own:—

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To the Editor of 'The New Statesman':—

SIR,—

We thank you for devoting so much of your valuable space to a review of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. We feel sure that it is not your purpose to misrepresent the character of this new edition, and we ask you therefore to be good enough to give publicity to certain facts bearing on your criticisms.

You say that 'the new edition is not a "British" work. "Anglo-Saxon," perhaps, or "Nordic," or "Anglo-American," but not British.' If you mean that to be entitled to the term, 'British,' it should be written exclusively by British writers from a British point of view for an exclusively British public, the statement is true. But in that sense the statement has always been true. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* has never been an instrument of nationalistic propaganda. Its purpose from its foundation has been to provide (1) an accurate work of reference dealing with every branch of knowledge; (2) a digest of human history in all its manifestations; and (3) a record of every development of science, art, and culture, not in this country only but in every country.

In the pursuit of this aim it has never hesitated to seek the highest authority on any given subject, regardless of his nationality. It has done so in the present case. But this policy has been pursued without any irrelevant predilection of national interest. If Mr. Charles E. Hughes was invited to write on the Monroe Doctrine, Mr. Kellogg on the 'Outlawry of War,' and Mr. Henry Ford on 'Mass Production,' they were invited for precisely the same reason that Herr Einstein was asked to write on Space-Time, Herr Ludwig on the Hohenzollerns, and the late Marshal Foch on 'Morale in War.' They were asked, not because they were Americans, but because they were deemed to be best qualified to write authoritatively on their respective subjects. And that consideration has alone been the determining factor in the choice of contributors.

But, that general principle having been followed, it remains indisputable that the overwhelming proportion of the work has been done by British authorities.

THE Editor-in-Chief of the new *Britannica* is Mr. J. L. Garvin, the distinguished editor of the *Observer*, and he has been aided in his great task by a board of thirty associate editors, all of them, with three exceptions, British, and all of them authorities of undeniable repute, including Professor Eddington (Astronomy), Professor Andrade (Physics), Professor J. H. Morgan (Law), Dr. Tovey (Music), the late Sir Theodore Cook (Sports and Games), Professor Barcroft (Physiology), Mr. Robert Lynd (Literature and Drama), Professor Julian Huxley (Biology), and so on. These associate editors were solely responsible for the selection of the contributors to their various sections, and, though

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they made their choice of writers without regard to the question of nationality, they in fact employed an overwhelming proportion of British authorities on their respective subjects. It is true that Mr. Garvin had associated with him, as coeditor, Mr. Franklin H. Hooper of New York, who has been editorially connected with the *Britannica* for thirty years and who, with his corps of assistants, was exclusively responsible for American contributions. But is that fact seriously advanced to the prejudice of the *Encyclopædia Britannica?*

The English-speaking world to-day is happily not confined to these islands, and it may reasonably be claimed that the *Britannica*, in choosing American writers to deal with specifically American themes, and, indeed, with any other theme on which their authority is admitted, is pursuing a policy in the interests of its readers and in the best tradition of its past.

We have no wish whatsoever to trespass unduly on your space, but we would like to call attention to several criticisms made by your reviewer which we believe further examination of the volumes would lead him to revise.

It is true that the article on 'Judicial Reform' relates, as it specifically states in the first paragraph, to the United States. But it is equally true that among the other legal contributions are articles by Lord Birkenhead, a former Lord Chancellor; by Lord Sankey, the present Lord Chancellor; by Lord Atkin, Mr. Justice Eve, Sir Frederick Pollock, and many other distinguished British lawyers. It therefore cannot be contended that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* ceases to be the *Britannica* because it discusses judicial reform elsewhere than in Britain.

A suggestion is implied that no mention is made of the early flight of Sir John Alcock and Sir A. W. Brown, who crossed the Atlantic in 1919. If your reviewer will turn to Volume I, page 538, he will find a biographical notice of Sir John Alcock in which particulars of the flight are given. Furthermore, in Volume XXII, page 413, is an article under the heading 'Transoceanic and Transcontinental Flights,' in which Alcock's flight is again described and illustrated by a map.

THERE appears also to be some misunderstanding about the authorship of the article upon Railways. This article extends to thirty-seven pages, of which the first nineteen and one-half are by Mr. C. E. Sherrington, Assistant Lecturer in Transport at the London School of Economics and Secretary of the Railway Research Service of the British Railways since 1924, and Mr. G. J. Ponsonby, Assistant Secretary of the British Railway Research Service. The remaining pages of this article only are by American authorities, and we do not feel that this is an undue proportion of space to devote to the railway systems on the American continent.

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It is unfortunate that your reviewer, in considering the article, Cartoon, did not also glance at the article, Caricature, an article more than three times as long, a little earlier in the same volume and to which there is a cross reference. The article on Caricature, by Mr. Randall Davies, the well-known English authority, has thirty-eight illustrations exemplifying, among others, the work of Low and S. C. Gould, and only five of these illustrations are American.

In criticizing the illustrations to the article, Poultry, which, by the way, is written by Mr. Percy A. Francis, Poultry Commissioner to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, your reviewer could have meant little more than that the owners of the copyright of the original photographs are American, since the illustrations these depict are of single fowls representative of breeds commonly kept in this country.

We desire also to correct any impression which may have been created that the text of the articles, for example, on Ordnance and on Bridges, is of American bias. The contributors to these articles are, for Ordnance, Lieut. G. Templer of the Military College of Science, Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and the late Commander J. G. M. McHardy, R.N., of the Department of Naval Ordnance at the Admiralty; and for Bridges Mr. Christian Barman, editor of the *Architects' Journal*, and Mr. David Anderson, partner in the firm of Mott, Hay and Anderson, consulting engineers, of London.

If the claim of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to its name is to be tested by the extent of the British origin of its contents, it is relevant to say that of the twenty-four volumes only four in total are American in source, and the remainder, except for contributions from countries other than the United States, are entirely the work of British scientists, statesmen, jurists, historians, and writers.

Yours, etc.,

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA CO., LTD.

October 23rd. W. H. FRANKS, MANAGER.

We certainly did not intend to misrepresent the character of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the slightest degree, nor do we think that we have done so. We said it was a good book, but no longer a British book. No British work would state that Members of the House of Commons (though not of the House of Lords) enjoy the privilege of free railway travel, nor would it refer to the 'British Museum (Lond. Eng.).' Of course the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has never been 'an instrument of nationalistic propaganda'; but we made no such suggestion.

The publishers have, of course, secured the services of a great number of very high authorities on all sorts of subjects; but can they, for

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example, seriously suggest that the American gentleman, Mr. Warren E. Cox (of whom we have never heard before and whose articles—or such of them as we have read—are of the most rubbishy description), was 'deemed to be the best qualified to write authoritatively' on artistic subjects? The question answers itself. Mr. Cox is one of the writers who have let the 'authoritative' character of the new edition down almost to zero.

As for Sir John Alcock's flight across the Atlantic, if it is briefly mentioned in the article on 'Transoceanic Flights' (and who would think of looking for such a thing under the initial, 'T'?), why was all reference to it suppressed in the article on 'Aviation,' where his successor, Lindbergh, is acclaimed?

On the subject of Railways we may have been mistaken, but as Mr. Sherrington is primarily described as a lecturer at Cornell University we assumed that he was an American.

We do not see that a reference to the article on Caricature affects in any respect our comment upon the article on Cartoons, which contains no single example of the work of British cartoonists, who, in fact, both in the past and in the present have been superior to any other political cartoonists in the world—and this in a work which calls itself 'British'!

As for the article on Naval Ordnance, etc., we need only repeat what we said, that every single one of its forty-four illustrations are of American guns, American steel works, and American warships.

We see no objection to all this, since the copyright has been transferred to America, and still more because the *Encyclopædia* has been greatly improved in many respects. We merely suggest that the old name has become a misnomer, as obviously it has.—EDITOR, NEW STATESMAN

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TWO GIANTS OF THE AIR

The Do. X and the G-38

By Dr. A. R. Böhm-Dessau

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt,* Vienna Conservative Daily

WITHIN THE FEW YEARS that have passed since the War, air travel has progressed even beyond the expectations of the most sanguine observer. But this development will not have proved the superiority of the airplane until it has become possible to cover long distances without stopping and to fly safely at night. Only when these two ends have been achieved can aviation compete on a level of equality with other means of transportation.

At the present time, European aviation is a hothouse plant, depending for its existence upon government support, and the whole elaborate network of European air routes would fall to pieces overnight if the governments of the various European countries should suddenly decide to stop their subsidies. Indeed, the layman has no idea to what an extent aviation depends upon government subsidies, and, for that reason, a few statistics may be in order to give some idea of the present situation. Last year the German Luft Hansa received more than seventy per cent of its total income in the form of government subsidies, while the Finnish lines, which are the most efficient in Europe, have to depend on the state for twenty-five per cent of their expenses.

It is not my purpose to argue the pros and cons of this policy of subsidies. I merely wish to call to the attention of all real friends of aviation that the future of aviation will only be secure when it is able to stand on its own feet financially. Of course, in certain remote parts of the world where the aëroplane does not have to compete with other means of transportation, the situation is quite different. In countries with bad roads and no railways at all, and particularly in mountainous regions, air travel has so many advantages over all other means of transportation that travelers are only too glad to put themselves to considerable expense when they want to get quickly from one place to another or when they desire to transport commodities that possess any value at all.

But in Europe a different state of affairs exists. No one would think of sending coal or turnips or potatoes by aëroplane because there are plenty of much cheaper ways of transporting such commodities in bulk. But there is a possibility of shipping certain more select goods by air. As soon as aviation becomes really efficient, it will lend itself readily to transporting valuable commodities and to carrying the mail.

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THE most important air lines of the future will extend not only over continents and oceans but even across the polar regions, but it is still an open question whether the land or the sea plane is going to prove the more efficient, and for that reason the best minds in the flying industry are busily developing both types of flying machine.

The hydroplane or flying boat has the advantage of being able to light on the surface of the water, but it has the drawback of being more at the mercy of the wind, on account of its greater bulk and weight. Opponents of the land plane, on the other hand, object that such machines are lost if they are forced to alight on the water, but the answer to this objection is that planes that cover long distances must have such reliable and efficient motors that forced landings literally never have to occur. And it may also be said in behalf of land machines that some of them are able to light for a time on the surface of the water. Furthermore, a severe storm on the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean would prove just as fatal to a large flying boat as to a land plane that was capable of alighting on the water.

Germany has made far more progress than any other country in developing the giant aëroplane and the giant sea plane, known respectively under the names of Junkers and Dornier. Much has already been written about the Dornier flying boat, but it will not be put to a decisive test until it has flown from the Boden See to the coast of the North Sea or the Baltic. With a wing spread of 156 feet and a total expanse of 5,310 square feet, the *Do. X* is the biggest flying machine ever built, and its motors, generating 6,000 horse power, put all other flying-machine motors in the shade. The power of the *Do. X* is supplied by six motor units arranged at equal distances from each other on the top of its wing. Each unit consists of two Siemens-Jupiter motors, of 500 horse power each, hitched together in tandem formation. With these motors the flying boat can attain a maximum speed of 130 miles an hour.

The weight of the *Do. X* exclusive of fuel and freight amounts to about 32 tons. It is also possible for it to raise with safety a total load of 25 tons, which brings the combined weight of the flying boat and its freight to a total of 57 tons. How this burden is distributed between fuel and freight depends upon how long a journey the flying boat intends to make.

According to statements made by Dr. Dornier at a recent meeting of the Scientific Association of Air Travel, his flying ship can accommodate 18 tons of fuel. Since this fuel is consumed at the rate of 9½ ounces per horse-power hour, the 18 tons would last its 6,000-horse-power motor for ten hours, and would enable the ship to fly about 1,240 miles without stopping. The very best trains in Europe or the United States, allowing for time out to get water and coal and to change locomotives, would need from 28 to 30 hours to make such a trip under ideal circumstances,

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and in actual fact they would hardly be able to do it in less than 40 hours.

DURING the month of July, when the *Do. X* was being given its first trials, the biggest land plane in the world, the Junkers *G-38*, was also undergoing tests in Dessau, where so many important flights have been made in the course of the past few years. It is no easy task constructing such a machine and, incredible as it may seem, more engineering sketches were required to build a plane of this type than were needed in building the big new bridge across the Rhine at Cologne. Furthermore, the experiments that have to be made in regard to air currents and the direction of the wind make the construction of such big aëroplanes run into years rather than months.

The Junkers *G-38* and the *Do. X* are made of duralumin, an alloy composed chiefly of aluminum, which after years of experiment has been made capable of withstanding the assaults of the weather. The size of land machines is limited by the size of the flying field, and experience alone can tell whether the Junkers *G-38* is the biggest machine of this type that can be built. Its wings measure 147 feet across and it is 75 feet long. The weight of the plane, including its motor, is 14 tons. It can carry a load of 12 tons and develops 2,400 horse power. Its water-cooled motors are highly efficient, and with a 1,440-pound load of fuel it can fly for ten hours, but if it only carries 3 tons of freight it is able to fly 2,175 miles without landing, and would thus be able to go from Berlin to the Persian Gulf in a single hop.

Anyone who has followed the development of the Junkers type of plane at once recognizes that Professor Junkers has remained true to a single idea since 1910. In that year he took out a patent known in expert circles as the 'gliding patent,' in which he incorporated the idea of the flying machine as nothing but a wing; in other words, the idea of an aëroplane built in such a way that all the resistance of the non-carrying elements would be eliminated by placing the motors as well as the freight inside the wings. In the case of the *G-38*, the wing is so thick that part of the cabin is inclosed within it and the rest of the hull is so arranged that its resistance is reduced to a minimum. This adherence to the 'wing-only' principle not only represents an advance in aërodynamic technique, but from the standpoint of safety is also a step forward.

The advantage of this type of wing is that the motors are contained inside it and therefore can be easily adjusted while the plane is in flight. In case of motor trouble, repairs can be made without any danger and without slowing down the motors, whereas with aëroplanes of other types it is difficult to get to the motors at all while the machine is flying, and it is almost impossible to work on them in a wind blowing 200 kilometres an hour, even if the temperature of the air is supportable.

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Another novelty that this plane includes is its landing carriage, which has four wheels instead of two and which hangs in a frame like a pendulum. This device enables the giant plane to roll along smoothly when it lands, even when the ground is uneven, and at the same time it keeps the heavy weight of this enormous machine from tearing up the grass surface of the flying field. But the *G-38* will not completely justify itself until the four water-cooled motors are replaced by four motors burning crude oil.

As far as I know, the only other experiments with giant airships that are being made are those of Fokker in the United States. He has built a land plane weighing 12½ tons, with a wing spread of 99 feet. It is driven by four air-cooled Hornet motors that generate a total of 2,100 horse power. It is to be hoped that we shall soon discover whether these two big aëroplanes on either side of the Atlantic will justify expectations and whether they actually represent a step forward in the development of air travel.

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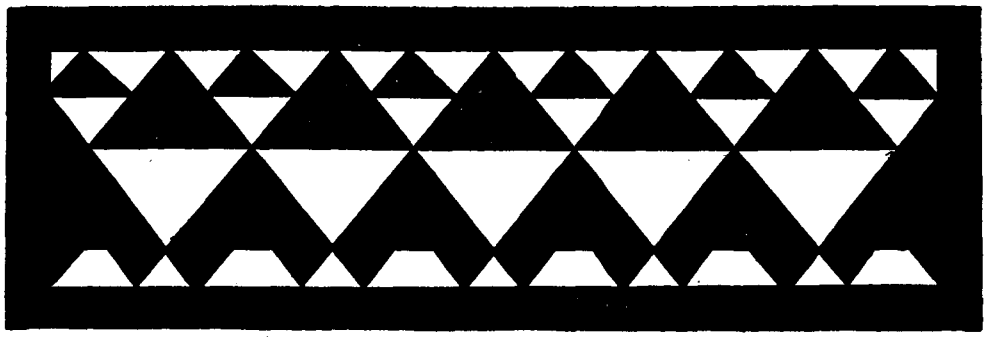

DR. DREYFUS LONDON

A Story of Iceland

By David Thorwaldsson

Translated from the *Revue Bleue,* Paris Literary and Political Semi-Monthly

NO! IS IT REALLY YOU, VILLI? Have you come back to this cemetery of a village? You have hardly changed at all. The same pale, sickly face, the same big black eyes that seem to see beneath the surface and penetrate the very essence of things. But I'm chattering like an old grandmother. Welcome back! Take my hand. It's so red it looks more fit to swing a farmer's sickle than to wield a knife at the hospital. But I see that yours are still delicate and feminine and that you have the same firm handshake.

Ah, you recognize me by the way I talk. Yes, it is I, Dreyfus London, you see before you, with his wrinkled forehead and green hat. Remember how we used to tie tin cans to cats' tails, and make them run across the roofs at night? Our friends thought they were ghosts, and nearly died of fear.

Ah! You haven't forgotten how to laugh!

Do you remember the bench we sat on together at school, at the far side of the room next to the big stove that the janitor kept overheated even in hot weather? Do you remember the Latin class, when you were called on to translate Livy? You were fast asleep and all in a sweat so I read the passage instead, and the professor, not hearing very well, said, when I had finished, 'Good, Villi.'

And then do you remember the winter we lived together and stayed up late with a book of Shelley's poetry in front of us and glasses brimming with wine at our elbows? You read *Prometheus Unbound* in your soft voice, and when you looked up your face was red, and I caught in your eyes a warm reflection I have never seen in anyone else's. You laughed and said it was a spark of Prometheus's fire. Probably you have

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knelt down before the sea where Shelley drowned. Did you throw in a branch of mimosa for me at the spot where the waves cast up his body?

I GUESS I'm boring you, but I am so delighted to see my best friend again. Everything is so dull here. All the days have the same gray color, and they're just as monotonous as Reverend Gunnar's sermons. No one is in the street, and on the quay only an occasional yawning sailor can be seen. The mountain leans forward as if it wanted to crush us. And then at the hospital, with its long, cold corridors, the patients cough in your face, and, just because they pay, think they have the right to poison their doctor's existence with stories of their imaginary aches and pains.

But Sunday I can rest. I sit down on Loa's tomb and read Horace and Marcus Aurelius. Yes, Loa was my only child—she died four years ago. How well I remember that day! She had had scarlet fever for some time. It was pouring rain, and thundering. Sometimes it seemed as if a cannon were bursting right outside the window. Loa, tears in her eyes, pressed herself against me, and her arms around my neck looked as transparent as paper. I sat by her bed in my gray summer suit, though it was midwinter. I didn't think at all, I didn't try to think, I felt as if the child and I were falling together through infinite space. The silence was heavy as lead. From time to time we heard a rat gnawing above us. Outside, drops of rain splashed on the window sill. My wife had gone to a five o'clock tea at the consul's, and our maid was at a dance. Suddenly the rain stopped, and I saw that my child was dead. She was still leaning against me with her cheeks wet with tears and her tiny, lifeless hands around my neck.

Yes, she is buried over there—you can see the cross from here. I stay near her every Sunday and she comes, I don't know exactly from where, but I feel that she is there. She leans on my shoulder and reads with her old father. On the next tomb sits a young woman with round red cheeks. She has been coming several years longer than I, and she stays from morning till evening. She always laughs gaily, and plays waltzes and mazurkas on a cream-colored comb. She went crazy when her eldest son was drowned before her eyes in a storm.

Sometimes I would let the book fall to my knees and think of you, out in the great world, seeking glory and wealth. I smile, for I am absolutely sure that they are both mere smoke, nothingness. And every time I leave Loa's tomb I feel that I have become greater, that something new has been added to my soul.

But why do I keep you here when you have been traveling, and are probably dead tired? To tell you the truth, it is because I am always trying to kill time after I leave the hospital. I'm rather embarrassed to say why, but you are such an old friend I can tell you. Excuse me, I am

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wondering how I can say it without hurting myself too much. Oh well, since I can't find the right words I might as well tell you without hedging; or perhaps I'd better whisper it—I am afraid of my wife.

No, for Heaven's sake, don't laugh—it is sinful to laugh at such an unhappy person. You have no idea what it is to be really afraid of your wife. I tremble as if I had the ague every time she says a word. I have tried to revolt, but that only makes things worse. If she has company, it is always the same refrain, 'Go get me some cream, Dreyfus. I need some meal, Dreyfus. Where is the fish, Dreyfus?' And I run panting all over town to buy what she wants. I know, it is ridiculous, when I am one of the most important people in this foul town. Sick people can die, as long as she has her cream. Oh well, let's go to the house. Give me your arm. Why, you've grown thin, Villi! So there are troubles in the rest of the world, too!

YOU want to know where Jon is—the one who worked with us, fishing for herring? He is dead, like so many of the others. Jon was funny; I always wanted to laugh when I saw his long pock-marked face and his stupid eyes, so kind and blue. But you know he always looked sickly—he started working when he was so young. The glands of his neck were swollen, and his face was ashy gray. Poor Jon. I had just become the village doctor here when he fell sick, and his father came to ask me to examine him. You remember his father, Thord—a conscientious workman, intelligent but uneducated.

When I opened the door of his house, I was greeted with the smell of sweat and herb tea. Opposite lay Jon, in a little bed near the window, his face all red. Halldora, his mother, was sitting beside him, with a religious expression on her severe countenance, reading her Bible through a huge pair of spectacles. Jon smiled and nodded from time to time as he surveyed the sun shining on the roof of the blacksmith shop across the street. The younger brother—remember, there were two of them—sat motionless near the stove. He was wearing a huge pair of nankeen trousers, the kind that rustle at the least movement. His pale eyes would sneak a furtive glance at his brother and then drop shyly like a girl's.

A slight examination showed clearly that Jon had only a short time to live, for he had worked in the rain the night before and had taken cold. As I sat down next to him he gave me his hand, and immediately began to talk of the days when we used to work together. He hadn't forgotten you either, and I remember his saying, 'I wish Villi were here.'

His mother kept right on reading, ignoring me entirely. I have no idea what she was reading, all I heard was a monotonous sound, though I could make out something about prophets and celestial happiness and Jesus Christ. Jon's face expressed great satisfaction as he heard

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her voice describing all the happiness in store for him. But he must have caught the skeptical smile on my face, for suddenly his eyes grew frightened and he seized my arm, crying with a hoarse voice, 'Dreyfus, does God exist for certain?'

What could I say? I had never had much faith in God, but, just because of that, did I have the right to conclude that He didn't exist? Yet I was overwhelmed by the thought that God was perhaps only an illusion men cherished to console themselves for the sadness of this life. I knew how important my answer would be to Jon. He probably thought I knew everything because I was educated. I didn't reply because I couldn't. At that moment I was a real coward.

I felt the hate in his mother's glance—it seemed to say, 'Robber! An everlasting curse on you! What right have you to take away my child's faith when he is dying?' Jon stared at me and his big eyes were filled with horrible doubt. Everything depended on my reply. But just as I started to answer I felt the tremor of death pass through his hand. Damp and swollen it slid down and hung over the edge of the bed. His mother closed his eyes, which looked as if they had seen all the devils of hell dancing before them. I got up and staggered toward the door. Thord was sitting at the table looking at the ceiling, murmuring like a child learning his A B C's, 'He is dead, he is dead.' The younger brother stole from his place by the stove and knelt at the side of the bed.

How I got out I don't know. It was warm outside, and I could hear the whistles of the fishing boats going in and out of the harbor. I dragged myself home, where I spent the rest of the day. Several times it seemed to me that Jon's mother came in through the closed door and stared at me with hatred. Never since then have I been able to look her in the face.

BUT I am saddening you with all these sorrows. Let's talk of something amusing. 'No,' you say? Very well, just as you like. As a matter of fact I have nothing but sad or boring matters to relate, for of them my life is made.

We have glasses, grog, and cigars here—if you still smoke. You look thoughtful—are you listening to the gramophone they are playing downstairs? I detest it, it keeps me awake. That is a foxtrot, 'Yes sir, that's my baby'—my wife plays it all the time for the consul. I can imagine them sitting on the couch, under the big photograph of my Loa. It isn't the first time they have been there, and it won't be the last. I often take refuge here, even though there is no stove and the cold makes my teeth chatter. How long will I bear the shame of being chased out like a dog? I suppose I spare her because she is Loa's mother. But if you hear some day that there has been a murder in this village, do not be surprised if you are told that Dreyfus committed it.

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I understand why you shake your head, when you know I never have been able to hurt a fly. But I have changed—I am changing every day. Sometimes I stay too long looking at the surgical instruments in the hospital, hypnotized by their shining steel. Even after I get out into the street I go back to the hospital in spite of myself, and light the lamp in the room where the instruments are kept. I stand there for a long time and in my imagination each one becomes a living thing, calling to me imperiously, until I sneak like a thief to the cupboard, open it, and take them in my hands. I feel that a terrible day is waiting in the future for me to become an assassin . . .

But someone is calling me. It is Madame, no doubt she wants me to do something for her . . .

•

YOU see, I came back quickly. She made me brush the consul's coat. He fell down on his way here. You frown. I know, I am humiliating myself more than the vilest beggar. But what good would it do to get angry and chase the consul away? They would only laugh.

The boat is whistling for the second time. To-night you will go away into the gloomy, mysterious night, and when you have gone I shall stay here thinking of those who have left, and the lamplight will fall on my wet eyes.

They are playing the gramophone again—what tune is it now? 'Give me a little kiss.' Oh, I know perfectly well that she will, they don't need a talking machine to tell me.

Look, I want to show you this, I am making some flowers out of this glazed paper, to give to Loa for her birthday, day after to-morrow.

But Villi, why are you hiding your head in your hands, why are your shoulders shaking? Why, dear old friend? . . . Why?

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ON NOT BEING A PHILOSOPHER

Epictetus and the Average Man

By Robert Lynd

From the *New Statesman,* London Independent Weekly

'HAVE YOU READ EPICTETUS LATELY?' 'No, not lately.' 'Oh, you ought to read him. Tommy's been reading him for the first time, and is fearfully excited.' I caught this scrap of dialogue from the next table in the lounge of a hotel. Like Tommy, I, too, felt 'fearfully excited,' for I had never really read Epictetus, though I had often looked at him on the shelf—perhaps even quoted him—and I wondered if here at last was the book of wisdom that I had been looking for at intervals ever since I was at school. Never have I lost my early faith that wisdom is to be found somewhere in a book—to be picked up as easily as a shell from the sand. I desire wisdom as eagerly as Solomon, but it must be wisdom that can be obtained with very little effort—wisdom, as it were, that is caught by infection. I have no time or energy for the laborious quest of philosophy. I wish the philosophers to perform the laborious quest and, at the end of it, to feed me with the fruits of their labors; just as I get eggs from the farmer, apples from the fruit grower, medicines from the chemist, so do I expect the philosopher to provide me with wisdom at the cost of a few shillings. That is why at one time I read Emerson and, at another, Marcus Aurelius. To read them, I hoped, was to become wise by reading. But I did not become wise. I agreed with them while I read them, but, when I had finished reading, I was still much the same man as I had been before, incapable of concentrating on the things on which they said I should concentrate or of being indifferent to the things to which they said I should be indifferent. Even so, I have never lost faith in books, believing that somewhere one exists from which one can ab-

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sorb philosophy and strength of character while sitting smoking in an armchair. It was in this mood that I took down Epictetus after hearing the conversation in the hotel lounge.

I read him, I confess, with considerable excitement. He is the kind of philosopher I like, not treating life as if at its finest it were an argument conducted in jargon, but discussing, among other things, how men should behave in the affairs of ordinary life. Also, I agreed with nearly everything he said. Indifference to pain, death, poverty—yes, that is eminently desirable. Not to be troubled about anything over which one has no control, whether the oppression of tyrants or the peril of earthquakes—on the necessity of this, Epictetus and I are at one. Yet, close as is the resemblance between our opinions, I could not help feeling, as I read, that Epictetus was wise in holding his opinions, and that I, though holding the same opinions, was far from wise. For, indeed, though I held the same opinions for purposes of theory, I could not entertain them for a moment for purposes of conduct. Death, pain, and poverty are to me very real evils, except when I am in an armchair reading a book by a philosopher. If an earthquake happened while I was reading a book of philosophy, I should forget the book of philosophy and think only of the earthquake and how to avoid tumbling walls and chimneys. This, though I am the stanchest possible admirer of Socrates, Pliny, and people of that sort. Sound though I am as an armchair philosopher, at a crisis I find that both the spirit and the flesh are weak.

EVEN in the small things of life I cannot comport myself like a philosopher of the school of Epictetus. Thus, when he advises us how to 'eat acceptably to the gods' and bids us to this end to be patient even under the most atrocious service at our meals, he commends a spiritual attitude of which my nature is incapable. 'When you have asked for warm water,' he says, 'and the slave does not heed you; or if he does heed you but brings tepid water; or if he is not even to be found in the house, then to refrain from anger and not to explode, is not this acceptable to the gods? . . . Do you not remember over whom you rule—that they are kinsmen, that they are brothers by nature, and they are the offspring of Zeus?' That is all perfectly true, and I should love to be able to sit in a restaurant, smiling patiently and philosophically while the waiter brought all the wrong things or forgot to bring anything at all. But in point of fact bad waiting irritates me. I dislike having to ask three times for the wine list. I am annoyed when, after a quarter of an hour's delay, I am told that there is no celery. It is true that I do not make a scene on such occasions. I have not enough courage for that. I am as sparing of objurgations as a philosopher, but I suspect that the scowling spirit within me must somehow show itself in my features. Certainly, I do not think of telling myself: 'This waiter is my kinsman;

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he is the offspring of Zeus.' Besides, even if he were, why should the offspring of Zeus wait so badly? Epictetus, I am sure, never dined at the —— Restaurant. And yet his patience might have served him even then. If so, what a difference between Epictetus and me! And, if I cannot achieve his imperturbability in such small affairs as that, what hope is there of being able to play the philosopher in the presence of tyrants and earthquakes?

Again, when Epictetus expresses his opinions on material possessions and counsels us to be so indifferent to them that we should not object to their being stolen, I agree with him in theory and yet in practice I know I should be unable to obey him. There is nothing more certain than that a man whose happiness depends on his possessions is not happy. I am sure a wise man can be happy on a pittance. Not that happiness should be the aim of life, according to Epictetus or (in theory) to myself. But Epictetus at least holds up an ideal of imperturbability, and he assures us that we shall achieve this if we care so little for material things that it does not matter to us whether somebody steals them or not. 'Stop admiring your clothes,' he bids us, 'and you are not angry at the man who steals them.' And he goes on persuasively: '*He* does not know wherein the true good of man consists, but fancies that it consists in having fine clothes, the very same fancy that you also entertain. Shall he not come, then, and carry them off?' Yes, logically I suppose he should, and yet I cannot feel so at the moment at which I find that a guest at a party has taken my new hat and left his old one in its place. It gives me no comfort to say to myself: '*He* does not know wherein the true good of life consists, but fancies that it consists in having my hat.' Nor should I dream of attempting to console a guest at a party in my own house with such philosophy in similar circumstances. It is very irritating to lose a new hat. It is very irritating to lose anything at all, if one thinks it has been taken on purpose. I feel that I could imitate Epictetus if I lived in a world in which nothing happened. But in a world in which things disappear through loss, theft, and 'pinching,' and in which bad meals are served by bad waiters in not very good restaurants, and a thousand other disagreeable things happen, an ordinary man might as well set out to climb the Himalayas in walking shoes as attempt to live the life of a philosopher at all hours.

IN SPITE of this, however, most of us cannot help believing that the philosophers were right—right when they proclaimed, amid all their differences, that most of the things we bother about are not worth bothering about. It is easier to believe that oneself is a fool than that Socrates was a fool, and yet, if he was not right, he must have been the greatest fool who ever lived. The truth is, nearly everybody is agreed that such men as Socrates and Epictetus were right in their indifference

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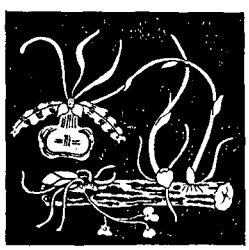
to external things. Even men earning £10,000 a year and working for more would admit this. Yet, even while admitting it, most of us would be alarmed if one of our dearest friends began to put the philosophy of Epictetus into practice too literally. What we regard as wisdom in Epictetus we should look on as insanity in an acquaintance. Or, perhaps, not in an acquaintance, but at least in a near relation. I am sure that if I became as indifferent to money and comfort and all external things as Epictetus, and reasoned like him with a happy smile over the loss of a watch or a (fairly) expensive overcoat, my relations would become more perturbed than if I became a successful company promoter with the most materialistic philosophy conceivable. Think, for example, of the reasoning of Epictetus over the thief who stole his iron lamp:—

> He bought a lamp for a very high price; for a lamp he became a thief, for a lamp he became faithless, for a lamp he became bestial. This is what seemed to him to be profitable!

The reasoning is sound, yet neither individually nor as a society do we live in that contempt of property on which it is based. A few saints do, but even they are at first a matter of great concern to their friends. When the world is at peace, we hold the paradoxical belief that the philosophers were wise men, but that we should be fools to imitate them. We believe that, while philosophers are worth reading, material things are worth bothering about. It is as though we enjoyed wisdom as a spectacle—a delightful spectacle on a stage which it would be unseemly for the audience to attempt to invade. Were the Greeks and the Romans made differently? Did the audiences of Socrates and Epictetus really attempt to become philosophers themselves, or were they like ourselves, hopeful of achieving wisdom, not by practice but by a magic potion administered by a wiser man than they? To become wise without effort—by listening to a voice, by reading a book—it is at once the most exciting and the most soothing of dreams. In such a dream I took down Epictetus. And, behold, it was only a dream.



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AS OTHERS SEE US

Italy Looks at Hoover

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S Armistice Day address, recommending that food ships should be granted immunity in time of war, has attracted world-wide comment. In our last issue we gave two characteristic views of his proposal—one written by a sympathetic Englishman, the other by an unsympathetic Frenchman. Here is what a typical Fascist journal, the *Popolo d'Italia*, has to say:—

The proposal of the American President is not, as it might seem at first, purely humanitarian. It responds to a vital necessity of the United States. Their banking, industrial, and social systems need ever-growing markets. Their high wages and low manufacturing costs require maximum production, which in turn demands maximum sales. It is a huge machine, but a very delicate one. If, in the eventuality of a war, a circle of blockade were drawn against merchant traffic, American production would lose its markets and a crisis with many complex consequences would at once arise. Hence the endeavor of the United States to protect the growth of their productive forces by an ever wider conquest of the markets of any countries engaged in war.

Hoover's speech has not been welcomed in the English and French press, and the reasons for such hostility are evident. The new American principle of freedom of the seas conflicts with the British Empire's old right of blockade. At each decisive crisis in history, England dominated Europe with the belt of her navy, starving the enemy and holding neutrals in check. As for France, her navy, and especially her submarines, together with the fact that she refused to ratify the especial Washington agreement which forbade the use of submarines against merchant ships, clearly demonstrate that in case of future wars she will wish to exercise the most rigid and severe blockade against her enemies.

It would therefore not only be ingenuous but stupid to attribute pure academic or humanitarian reasons to Hoover's proposal. The principle of the freedom of the seas already proclaimed by the Democrat, Wilson, now reappears from the Republican, Hoover. Wilson preached it evangelically to Germany, and finally imposed it by force of arms. Now Hoover again raises the issue, this time as a humanitarian.

Chicago through Austrian Eyes

SIL-VARA, the Viennese journalist who wrote that highly successful play, *Caprice*, has recently been turning his attention to America, having made a trip through the States which he has described in the columns of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna. Perhaps on account of its large German population, Chicago seems to have been the high point of his journey:—

Along the shore of Lake Michigan, villa after villa extends into the distance and here, too, stand the great hotels and clubs of the rich. The taxi driver calls it the 'gold belt.' Yet Chicago is Janus-headed. It is the city of powerful business men, famous scholars, and doctors, the seat of the biggest factory of agricultural implements in the world, but it is also the city of the boldest

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criminals to be found anywhere. In New York, for instance, the police are typical officials. Their long trousers bag at their knees, many of them wear glasses and, though they carry guns, they hide them under their coats. In Chicago, on the other hand, the men who maintain public order have athletic figures. They are dressed in khaki, leather, and steel and look as if they were about to enter a campaign of active warfare. They carry their revolvers, their sticks, and their short daggers in plain view. It is the city of organized gangs, of gunmen, of hold-ups, of bootleggers, high-jackers, and racketeers—and how wonderfully adventurous these words sound. This city experiences almost every day events that would pass as detective stories in any other part of the world.

It was during the nineteenth century the *Chicago Tribune* first remarked that Chicago contained the aristocracy of the criminal classes, and there is no reason why that statement does not still hold true to-day. Of course, there are criminals in other places, too, but in Chicago they still have about them the air of the prairie from whose soil they drew their strength, only to deliver it over to the city. Their wildness seems natural here, their wickedness naïve, and in their naïveté one detects a grim, disarming humor.

Babbitt and Bathtubs

CARLO LINATI, writing in *Nuova Antologia*, devotes a book review to *This American World*, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer. But, instead of describing what is in the book, this excitable critic prefers to devote himself to lampooning Mr. George F. Babbitt and comparing him, most unfavorably, to the cultivated inhabitants of Europe. Here are some of Signor Linati's thoughtful conclusions:—

> I suspect one thing, that with all their very fine concern for Americanizing us, the United States deceive themselves a little too much in regard to our facile acceptance of their supremacy. It is certainly true that, at present, we Europeans are applying the forms and systems of American life, but may this not be a mere superficial, ephemeral phenomenon? It seems to me that a true and deep transformation of the life of a people, of a race, can to-day come to pass only in the sense of a true and deep transformation of its culture. But America, now at least, is very far from giving us a culture. The spirit of Europe aspires to something more profound than the ability to construct machines, or to amuse itself thoughtlessly. It lives on thoughts, emotions, passions. To the artistic, musical, and poetical genius in which Europe glories, tradition is second nature.
>
> Perhaps the American cannot imagine how beautiful it is to live in an ancestral house filled with ancient family memories, and how much a European prefers such satisfactions to immense wealth. The American, on the other hand, lacking background, eager for business and adventure, wanders all over his countryside. Europe wants to remain European. It accepts what practical changes America can offer only because they are convenient. In the end, honest poverty which does not debase nature or the intellect is preferable to wealth and prosperity.
>
> But, if Babbitt is right, and history is bunk and art senseless, why do American millionaires come with their dollars to seize the masterpieces of our painting to ennoble their bare houses? Why are they so anxious to hear our poets, our musicians, to adopt and propagate our scientific discoveries, and the words of our philosophers? Is it not that they themselves, in spite of all their materialism, feel that they can not live without an appearance of culture, even when it is borrowed?
>
> Mowrer delights in comparing the unfolding of the American civilization to that of ancient Rome, and is puffed up over finding resemblances between the developments of the two. He draws from this resemblance a good augury for the destiny of his nation.

Evidently Signor Linati does not.

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WAR AND PEACE

We should not be astonished that, ten years after the end of the War, we are still laboring with so many difficulties. Indeed, we must look forward to still more difficulties in the future. Europe will hold stormy conferences liquidating the War and regulating peace for at least thirty more years.—*Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, Italian historian.*

Remember that the transaction entered into by the American President and George V's Prime Minister has neither eliminated nor reduced so much as one of the many differences between British and Yankee imperialism. We have often asserted that naval antagonism was only one expression of their rivalry, though the most visible. Mr. MacDonald is mistaking cause and effect. Anyone who wants to understand what is really happening must share our revolutionary opinions.—'*L'Humanité*,' *Paris Communist Daily.*

British armed forces have been a great universal police force and we must keep them at such strength that we can, when required, safeguard and uphold the mandates with which Britain has been entrusted.—*Lord Allenby, British general who captured Jerusalem.*

Only one statesman, President Hoover, has had the courage to point out that there may be another war in this generation, and he drew particular attention to the important question of reserves.—*David Lloyd George.*

During the Great War we learned a lot of lessons, and I think you will agree that the most important one was that we should take very great care indeed that there should be no question or chance of another.—*The Prince of Wales.*

Hailed by both Belgians and Germans as a happy event, the evacuation practically ends to-day, but from the juridical viewpoint the occupation still continues. I am sorry to say that I look toward the future with great concern. The Germans are executing work here which can only be explained by military reasons. Since my arrival here I have come to the conclusion I might well be called upon again to command my troops before an enemy. We have learned many things and cannot ignore the fact that, according to von Seeckt's theory, motorized German shock troops, leaving Aix-la-Chapelle at 8 P.M., could be at Brussels at 5 A.M. the next day without having met Belgian troops.—*General Pouleur, commander of Belgian troops of occupation at Aix-la-Chapelle.*

We may confidently anticipate that a lamb of unimpeachable woolliness will be the result of this mating of the British lion with the American eagle.—'*Morning Post*,' *London.*

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Views & Reviews

ROCK PAINTINGS OF SOUTHERN ANDALUSIA. *By the Abbé Henri Breuil and M. C. Burkitt, with the collaboration of Sir Montagu Pollock. London and New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $25.00.*

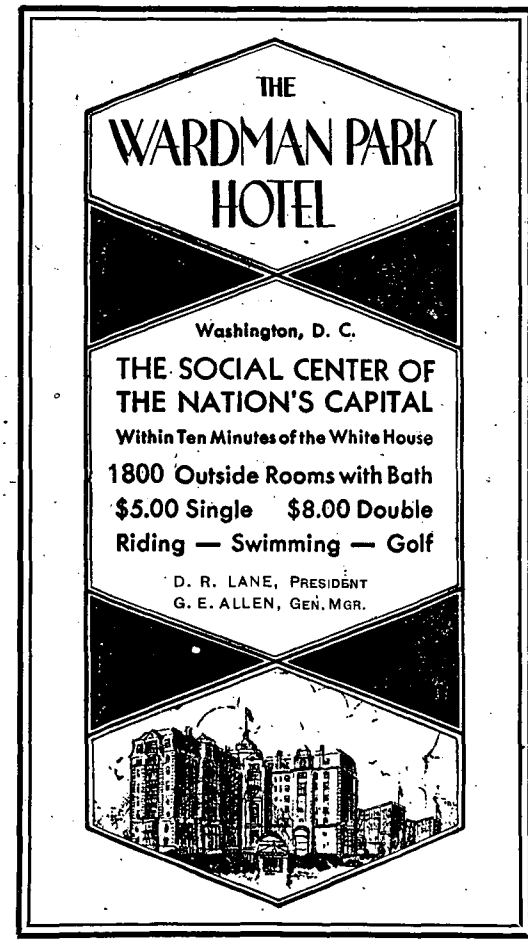
THIS VOLUME IS the definitive record, in careful description and in collotype reproduction, of a large group of rock-shelter paintings in southern Spain, attributed to a race which lived some time in the late Neolithic or in the early Copper Age. The text is supplied by the Abbé Breuil, who is the recognized dean of prehistorians. The translation, which is excellent, is the work of Mr. Burkitt, who contributes also a tentative classification of the figures and symbols considered. Sir Montagu Pollock has written an introduction describing the location and general character of the finds, as well as a concluding chapter. One cannot quarrel with the latter if it merely hints at the conclusions to be drawn, for the purpose of the book is to record rather than to interpret, and this it does to perfection. Primarily a work for the professional student of prehistory, it cannot conscientiously be recommended above several others to the amateur in search of the general principles of this fascinating subject. But at the same time it offers striking evidence (though by no means the first) that the Oxford University Press is a publishing house which knows how to use its profits for the benefit of true learning.

MESSALINA: ROMAN TEMPTRESS. *By Maurice Magre. Translated by Garnett Saffery. New York: Louis Carrier and Company. 1929. $2.00. Collectors' edition, $5.00.*

Those who like a combination of raw eggs, oysters, and *sauce piquante* will find this biography of a notorious Roman lady very much to their taste. It is a book which will be read in many college dormitories and will be hidden in many closets. It is an excellent example of its variety, much of it being admirably written and the whole being admirably translated. Strangely enough, the relation between the source material and imagination has been skillfully handled so that the student of Roman history will find the book a surprisingly accurate interpretation of one side of life in the Roman Empire in the first century A.D. Some readers may feel that this period has already been treated, only too adequately, in the works of the excellent Suetonius.

WAR AND PEACE. *By Leo Tolstoy. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. One volume edition. India paper. $3.00.*

Lovers of Tolstoy will find this new edition of what is perhaps his greatest novel exceedingly useful and convenient. The tremendous length of the book has been compressed almost into pocket size. The translation, by Louise and Aylmer Maude, is not a new one, but is certainly as good as any available. This



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is likewise the most complete translation of the novel in English. It includes everything excepting the second epilogue, dealing with predestination and free will, and a highly abstract 'article' entitled *Some Remarks about War and Peace*. These have been included as essays in another volume published by the same firm in the same admirable series, *The World's Classics*.

FOR THE DEFENCE: THE LIFE OF SIR EDWARD MARSHALL HALL. *By Edward Marjoribanks, M.P. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $5.00.*

Horatio Bottomley's lawyer! Defender of Jabez Balfour! Defender of Bennett, the beach murderer! Defender of Marie Hermann! Defender of Robert Wood, the post-card murderer! Defender of Edward Lawrence, the drunken brewer! Defender of Frederick Henry Seddon, the arsenic poisoner! Defender of Jeannie Baxter! Defender of George Joseph Smith, antique dealer and wife killer! This is the lawyer whose brilliant and courageous career is depicted by Mr. Marjoribanks. The book is, in the true sense of the word, fascinating. It is as though one had the essence of all tabloids boiled into one volume and flavored with subtle wit and high intelligence. Even dull civil cases were made into *causes célèbres* by Marshall Hall's brilliant advocacy. To the lawyer and layman alike, whether he seeks entertainment or is more seriously interested in the performance of justice, the book will prove of deep interest.

ANNA COMNENA: A STUDY. *By Georgina Buckler. London: Oxford University Press. 1929. $8.50.*

For the first time scholarly attention has been focused on the career of a brilliant Byzantine lady familiar to most of us through Walter Scott's *Count Robert of Paris*. In the eleventh century Byzantium was a centre of civilization contrasting markedly with the barbarism of Europe. Anna Comnena was perhaps the most brilliant woman in the history of the Byzantine Empire; she is certainly the first woman historian of whom we have any knowledge. Her *Alexias*, a history of her imperial father's achievements, is a work of real merit and is one of our main sources for knowledge of the period. Miss Buckler's book is perhaps a little scholarly for the ordinary reader, and yet to anyone interested in the period it will prove a mine of information and a thorough treatment of an interesting yet little-known character in human history. After all, a book of this sort has many merits; one can always skip footnotes and appendices, yet it is a comfort to have them there to corroborate statements difficult to believe in themselves. Every student of feminism will certainly wish to consult this study.

ENGLISH GIRLHOOD AT SCHOOL. *By Dorothy Gardiner. London: Oxford University Press. 1929. $6.50.*

The title of this entertaining history is a misnomer. It leads one to expect a chauvinistic, sentimental glorification of young ladies' seminaries in the British Isles. The book is nothing of the sort. Miss Gardiner has devoted ten years of her life to compiling information on the state of feminine education in England from the earliest times to the present. Her book is not only a valuable contribution to social history; it is likewise full of unexpected and delightful details concerning typical 'she schools' of every century since the time of the Venerable Bede. No one interested either in education or in social history could fail to get much information and amusement from Miss Gardiner's work. Only one general fault could be found with it. A reader sometimes feels that Miss Gardiner is a little too easily outraged against men, when she finds abuses in women's education; she forgets that similar abuses likewise existed in men's education and that what she should criticize is the lack of enlightenment of a whole period rather than the wicked attitude of males toward females. But by and large the book is a model of such solid historical writing as can be as interesting to the general public as to a specialist.

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World Travel Calendar

AUSTRIA

EHRWALD. January 19, Bobsleigh Contest, Great Prize.

IGLS. January 26, Tyrolese Bobsleigh Championship for Five and Two; *February 2*, Austrian Bobsleigh Championship for Five.

KITZBÜHEL. January 16, Men's Ski Contest; *19*, 2nd Ski Day; *22*, Ski Gymkhana; *24*, Ice Carnival for Children; *30*, Ski Gymkhana.

KLAGENFURT. January 18-19, Championship of Austria in Ice-Skating Races.

SEEFELD. January 19, Horse Races, Skijoring with Horsemen.

SEMMERING. January 19-26, Ice Hockey, Ski Jumping.

VIENNA. January-February, Flemish Exhibition (Secession); *January 15, 19, 26, 31, February 2, 4, 9, 12, 13, 16, 23*, Symphony Concerts; *January 25*, Opera Choir Performance and Dance at Hotel Continental; *26-27*, Europe's Ice-Skating Championship in Pairs, Men and Women; *February 5*, Weiner Schubertbund Carnival, Choir Concert with Philharmonics; *8*, Ice-Skating Contests; *12*, Wiener Künstlerhaus, Junior Carnival; *17-March 1*, International Postgraduate Course in Medical Science; *February 18, Akademiker Redoute; 20-21*, Junior Fancy Skating; *22*, Women's Ski Contest; *22-23*, Ice Skating Races.

BELGIUM

BRUSSELS. January 8, Festival of Ste. Gudule.

LOUVAIN. February 9, Festival of St. Apollonia.

DENMARK

DRAGÖR. February 12, Annual Game, 'Killing the Cat in the Barrel,' attended by Royal Family.

ENGLAND

LONDON. December-January, 6th International Schoolboys' Exhibition.

ESTHONIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 24, Independence Day.

FINLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 5, Runeberg's Day Festivals.

FRANCE

BEAULIEU. February 17–23, Tennis Tournaments.

CANNES. January 20-26, 27, February 2, 3, 9, Tennis Tournaments.

FONT-ROMEN. January 13-20, Curling Championship of France; *26-February 2*, Ski Races and Championships; *3-10*, Skating and Bobsleigh Championships.

LOURDES. February 11, Day of Our Lady of Lourdes.

NICE. January 18 or 25, Ball of the *Grand Prix; 25*, Artistic and Dancing Matinee; *26*, 27th Ski Competition at Peira Cava; *February 1*, Ball of the Association des Dames Françaises; *8*, Ball of the Legion of Honor; *13*, Gala Evening, 'All Spain'; *10-16*, Tennis Tournaments; *15*, Ball of the Société de Secours aux Blessés Militaires; *20*, Carnival opens; *22*, First *Veglione; 23*, Carnival Processions and Flights of Carrier Pigeons; *25*, Naval Battle of Flowers in Harbor.

Norway
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SAINT-MALO. February 27, 'Pardon' of Newfoundland Fisherman.
SUPERBAGNÈRES. January 12-28, Grand Ski Races.

GERMANY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. January 6-February 5, Carnival; *3*, Rose Monday, Bonfire Celebrations of Little Candlemas Day.
ANGERBURG. Late February-early March, International Ice-Sailing Championship.
BERLIN. February-March, Rembrandt Exhibition in the Berlin Academy of Fine Arts; *February 1-9*, 'Green Week': Agricultural Show in Connection with Hunting Exposition, International Riding and Driving Tournament, and Exposition 'Wood.'
GEISING. January 26, Junior Bobsleigh Championship.
KRUMMHÜBEL. January 12, Winter Sports open.
OBERSTDORF. February 4-10, German Ski Championship.
SCHIERKE. January 25, Harz Mountains Ski Championship.
VILLINGEN. February 4, Narrofest.
WINTERBERG. January 30, German Bobsleigh Doubles Championship; *February 2*, German Bobsleigh Fives Championship.

ITALY

CATANIA (SICILY). February 3; Festival of St. Agatha.
PADUA. January 17, Festival of St. Anthony.
PERUGIA. January 23, Holy Ring Feast of the Virgin Mary.
ROME. January-March, Art Lovers' Exhibition, Exhibition Palace; *January 19*, Trotting Races at Villa Glori Hippodrome; *21*, St. Agnes Day, Two Lambs Blessed at Church of St. Agnese fuori le Mura; *22*, Anniversary of Funeral of Pope Benedict XV, Sistine Chapel; *25*, Chains of St. Paul Exhibit at S. Paolo fuori le Muri; *February 1*, Festival of St. Ignatius, Illumination of Subterranean Church of St. Clemente; *12*, Ceremony in the Sistine Chapel Celebrating the Papal Coronation.
SEA TOWNS. February 14, Procession of St. Antoninus (Silver Image of Saint carried by Sailors).
SORRENTO. February 14, Procession of St. Anthony.

NORWAY

OSLO. February 22-March 1, International Winter Sports Meet.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 23, Fête of the King.
BARCELONA. January-June 21, Barcelona Exposition; *17*, Procession of St. Anthony; *Tres Toms*, Cavalcade of Cabmen.
MADRID. January 17, St. Anthony's Parade.
SEVILLE. January-June 21, Seville Exposition.
VALENCIA. January 22, St. Vincent's Day.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. March 12, St. Victoria's Day.
ARVIKA. February 17-24, Swedish Ski Championship.
DALECARLIA. March 9, 'Vasa Ski Run.'
SALTSJÖBADEN. January 15-March 15, Ski Competitions.
STOCKHOLM. February 1-March 15, Exhibition of Ander Zorn's Work (Liljevalch Art Gallery); *February 8-16*, The Northern Games with Competitions for World and European Championships; *12*, Gala Performance at the Royal Opera House.

SWITZERLAND

BASEL. January 27, International Concert of New Music at the Conservatory; *February 4*, Thibaud-Cortot Concert.
CAUX. January 25, World Bobsleigh Championship; *February 2*, Skating Fête.
DAVOS-PLATZ. February 16, Ski Derby.
ENGELBERG. February 7-10, Swiss Ski Championship.
GSTAD. February 9, 9th Grand Horse Race.
LES AVANTS (near MONTREUX). January 19, Military Ski Competition.
MONTREUX. February 1, International Rink Hockey Tournament.
PONTRESINA. January 12, Ski Contest between Swiss and Foreign Skiers.
RIGI. February 4, Ice Carnival with Fireworks.
SAINT MORITZ. January 17-21, Ski Races; *February 2, 6, 9*, International Horse Races on Lake.
WENGEN. February 17, Ski Week opens.

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